SOURCE-BOOK
OF THE
GERMAN RENAISSANCE

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A LITERARY SOURCE-BOOK

OF THE

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

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OF THE

GERMAN RENAISSANCE

BY

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MERRICK WHITCOMB.

THE RENAISSANCE IN GERMANY.[1]

The humanistic movement in Germany repeats, in many particulars of its development, the features of the earlier and greater Renaissance in Italy. It differs, however, from its Italian prototype in this important particular at least, that the various phases of its progress are compressed into a period of little more than half a century, whereas the Italian movement covers two centuries from its rise to its decline. Just before the middle of the fifteenth century Aeneas Sylvius, himself an accomplished man of letters, who had, moreover, as secretary at the imperial court of Frederick III., abundant opportunity of observing the intellectual development and tendencies of the Germans, as the result of his experience declares that the Germans were still in their mediæval period; that such intellectual activity as they possessed was of a character exclusively theological; that they still moved within the narrow circle of scholasticism. "They are good people," he said, "but they are not interested in the things that interest me." Of the nobles, the future patrons of humanism, he remarked further: "They prefer horses and dogs to poets, and like horses and dogs, they shall go down fameless unto death." Yet such a Renaissance as Germany possesses lies between these experiences of Aeneas Sylvius and the end of the first quarter of the following century, when Luther's bold and cumulative attack upon the church of Rome turned the interests of young Germany from the sunny fields of humanism into a new arena of theological struggle.

Certain conditions existed, however, favorable for a rapid development of humanistic ideas in Germany. When that country had arrived at a point where the more material needs were satisfied, and a wider intellectual field was necessary for continued expansion, the materials for the new learning were found, already elaborated, beyond the Alps. The early steps had been taken there: the slow and tedious preliminary work had been accomplished, the enormous task of bringing to light the remains of classical culture; even the preparation of elementary treatises, whose object it was to prepare the mind for the utilization of the recovered treasures; all this had been done before the middle of the fifteenth century, and it only remained for the enterprising German pioneer to cross the Alps, bring home the results of this tremendous labor, and give it a form adapted for the German mind and inclination.

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[1] So far as I am aware, there has been no special treatment in English of the German humanistic movement, which for the sake of brevity has been termed—I hope without too much violence—the "German Renaissance." It seemed not inappropriate, therefore, to preface the selections offered here with a few remarks upon the significance and character of that general intellectual quickening in German lands, whose genial activity was merged in the struggles of the Reformation. The following account will seem less meagre if taken in connection with the introductory notices placed at the head of the various selections. Upon this subject compare Van Dyke: "The Age of the Renaissance," Scribners, 1897, an excellent account in so far as the limits of the work permit; also "The Renaissance," by Philip Schaff, Putnams, 1891.

Moreover, when Germany entered upon her humanistic career, a potent instrument had been prepared for the dissemination of the new ideas. In superseding the slow process of manual reproduction, which consumed so much of the time and strength of the Italian humanists from Petrarch on, the printing-press gave a mighty impetus to the diffusion of the new learning. It permitted the more advanced ideas, in so far as they were consonant with the prevailing trend of thought, to gain a rapid victory, accomplishing thereby in a brief period what in a time of less perfect communication had required generations. It is on this account, perhaps, more than on any other, that we find Germany, within the space of half a century, passing rapidly through the various phases of humanistic development, which in Italy required two centuries.

These phases are a series of stages in the emancipation of thought, and its subsequent progress from a condition of limited theological interest, characteristic of the Middle Ages, to that condition which comprehends the wide range of human interests which we call modern. Along this track of progress are to be found a sequence of individuals, whom for purposes of illustration and study it is convenient to arrange in groups, and to characterize according to the degree of their advancement.

We have at first, as in Italy, a group of early humanists, who may be called the theological humanists, by way of indicating that they are still largely under the influence of mediæval culture. Although working earnestly for the introduction of humanistic studies into Germany, these men are not given over unreservedly to classical ideals; they are disposed to eliminate from the list of

Greek and Latin authors those whose works are in any respect imbued with an anti-Christian spirit; their interest is not primarily in the works themselves, but in their adaptation for Christian purposes. Humanists of this description were conscious of a divided allegiance, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that their arguments in favor of the new learning are intended to serve quite as much for self-justification as for the persuasion of their readers. It is quite in the nature of things that with these men youth is the period of rationalism, and that as they advance toward the inevitable solution, in their individual cases, of the great problem of the future, their conservatism asserts itself and they recoil from the enterprises of their earlier days. Many of them, in fact, revert to a condition of total obscurantism, and pass the evening of life in retirement and religious meditation, doing penance for the literary aberrations of their youth.

In Germany the theological group seems to include a great part of the well-known men of letters. There are several reasons for this. It is not strange that in a country where learning had been almost exclusively an affair of the clergy, the first recruits for humanism should be drawn from a class whose earlier impressions rendered a separation from conventional theological ideas a matter of great difficulty. Then, too, the German mind, perhaps because less composite in origin, and less subject to extraneous influences in its national development, seems to have shown a relatively great tenacity in respect to a small number of ideas, of which the religious idea had been for generations one of the most prominent. Such men were not likely to carry the new learning beyond the pale of Christianity, and their predominant number and influence gave to the German Renaissance a more truly religious character and a deeper sincerity of purpose than resulted from similar intellectual impulses in Italy. It also happened that the leaders of this group, men like Rudolf Agricola and Jakob Wimpheling, turned their attention to educational matters and embodied their principles in the organization of the German school system. In the same manner the principals of the more important secondary schools, as for example, Alexander Hegius, of Deventer, were representatives of the same deeply religious spirit, which was not without determining influence in their contact with the rising generation of literary workers.

Another and later group of humanists may be called, for want of a better term, the scientific group. The chief characteristic of its members is that their interest in the new learning is for the thing itself, and not for the use to which it may be put in advancing the interests of religion. They are not necessarily irreligious; in fact such an element has almost no representation in German humanism; they have simply advanced to a point, where, without denying that religion is one of the most important, if not the most important department of thought, they recognize that the circle of human interests has grown to embrace other considerations which, if not antagonistic, have yet no necessary connection with religion. Another characteristic of these humanists is that they are not necessarily clergymen. The humanities have come by this time to attract men from all departments of life. At the high tide of the German Renaissance, at the close of the fifteenth century, lecturers upon theology, medicine and law were speaking to empty benches; the interests of the student body had turned toward the new learning. The dethronement of theology from its supreme position at the head of the university curriculum made place for the introduction of other studies. Greek came more and more to be the mark of a liberal education, and the knowledge of a third tongue, Hebrew, was an indication of still greater attainment. The field of speculation, loosed from its mediæval entanglement, drifted away from the sole contemplation of the spiritual results of life, and came to include the facts of material existence. History came to be regarded as something other than the melancholy confirmation of the results of Adam's fall; the world and its contents came to demand attention, a tendency stimulated by the recent extension of the earth's known area.

This second group embraces a wide range of intellectual effort. To it belongs Erasmus, who although conventionally and properly religious in his observances, nevertheless affords at every turn unquestionable evidence that the great interests of his life are literary and not theological. To it belongs as well von Hutten, in whom modernism has taken the form of a patriotic desire to throw aside the yoke and influence of Rome, which has prevented the formation in Germany of a centralized and homogeneous nation, capable of approaching successfully the solution of modern problems. This aspiration is in itself a recognition of the importance of human association for material purposes, and a denial of the exclusive importance of such association for the purposes of spiritual preparation and advancement. In this group also we find the mathematicians, the geographers and other men of science, whose industry responds to the expanding needs of human effort.

Moreover, in the same association we find the purely literary workers, the "poets," as all men were called at the time who were capable of original literary production. These are the men who seem least German, and most cosmopolitan; they more nearly reflect the contemporaneous idea of humanism in Italy, the striving for a pure and graceful Latin diction. The conditions of this form of literary work imply a contempt for the vernacular and an emphasis upon the necessity for style, even at the expense of content. Such skill, although highly prized and greatly striven for by men everywhere in the Renaissance, has but the faintest meaning for posterity, whose interest is in the spirit of the Renaissance rather than in its copy-book.

With this preliminary classification of German humanists, it will be found profitable to approach the subject from another standpoint, and to note the various centres of German life in which humanistic effort finds its origin and support. In Italy the universities were not centres of the new learning. Its leaders were rather to be found in the courts of princes or in the administrative bureaux of republics. This is largely due to the fact that the universities of Italy had been for so long the great professional schools of Europe. The "bread-studies" were too firmly entrenched there to be driven into a subordinate position by mere cultural studies. In Germany, on the other hand, the universities were relatively more numerous, of later growth, and their interests less definitely determined. Lecturers upon poetry and classical authors found little difficulty in filling their benches at the expense of the more respectable departments. Progress in this direction, however, varied according to the influence that presided over the direction of each separate seat of learning.[1] At Cologne, for example, where Dominican influences were paramount, the new learning was looked upon as questionable;

[1] The universities of Germany at this period were: Prague (1348), Vienna (1365), Heidelberg (1385), Cologne (1388), Erfurt (1392), Leipzig (1409), Rostock (1409), Greifswald (1456), Freiburg (1460), Basel (1460), Ingolstadt (1472), Mainz (1476), Tübingen (1476), Wittenberg (1502) and Frankfort-on-the-Oder (1506).

Erfurt, on the other hand, owing to the mild spirit there prevailing, became the true centre of advance. Between these intellectual poles lay the other universities, inclining to this side or to the other, according as the nature and traditional bias of the dominant territorial sovereign determined. The fact that the study of the humanities afforded preparation for no definite career, led to a vast increase in the number of students, whose residence at the university was fixed by no particular curriculum, and in this manner to a feeling of contempt for those degrees and titles which, in the case of the older studies, had been the necessary qualifications for professional life. Again, by increasing the content of the university curriculum, humanism discouraged the empty routine of disputation upon points of infinitesimal importance, which in mediæval times made up so considerable a part of university work.

It was not in the universities alone that the new learning made its influence felt. Its progress was marked in the great secondary schools, such as Deventer, Münster and Schlettstadt, where thousands of young men secured such preparation as was necessary to fit them for teaching and other intellectual employments, as well as for the advanced work of the universities. The fact that it was the chief object of these schools to afford a working knowledge of the Latin language made them especially susceptible to changes which had for their object a substitution of classical models for the monkish Latin so generally in use. This change made itself manifest in the employment of new text-books in the place of the clumsy and inadequate grammars and lexicons of the Middle Ages, and furthermore, in the rejection of Latin writers of the declining Roman Empire and of the schools, in favor of the more elegant authors of classical antiquity. There also took place, in the more enterprising of the schools, an extension of the course of study, to include at least the elements of Greek and Hebrew.

There is every reason to believe that an intense interest in education reigned throughout Germany at the close of the fifteenth century, and that many of the prizes in official and in public life were to be won through the instrumentality of the new learning. The introduction of the Roman law into Germany, the increase of international communication, both diplomatic and commercial, called for men of training and culture. The crowds of scholars that thronged the highways leading to the great towns, the large attendance at the universities and the crowded condition of the lower schools give evidence of a desire for intellectual advancement which, when the obstacles in the path of the ambitious student are taken into the account, has never been surpassed in subsequent times.

Other centres of humanism were the courts of princes. Not only were skilled Latinists and students of the laws a necessary adjunct to the establishments of rulers; their ornamental qualities were equally in demand. After the middle of the fifteenth century the greater German princes were sufficiently instructed in the essentials of the new learning to recognize its importance in measuring a ruler's appreciation of the modern spirit.

Two emperors are associated with the Renaissance in Germany. Frederick III., who reigned from 1440 until 1492, was himself no humanist, either by education or by inclination, and the constantly depleted condition of his treasury prevented any considerable patronage of learning. It was only in the reign of his son and successor Maximilian I., who by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy added the rich provinces of the Netherlands to the Hapsburg possessions, that the imperial court became a potent factor in the Renaissance. Maximilian was himself a humanist of no small pretensions. His political duties, which were of the most complex and exacting nature, gave him, it is true, little opportunity for actual composition; but in addition to the fact that he made his court the centre of intellectual activity, he even found time to evolve the material for two narratives, the "Teuerdank" and the "Weisskunig," which his secretaries, under his direction, cast into literary form. A more important contribution, however, to the advancement of learning, was the stimulus he afforded to the study of German history. His project for a great collection of German *monumenta* remained for later and wealthier generations to carry out.

Maximilian's interest in the new learning was shown also in his affection for the University of Vienna, and his personal attention to its welfare. The proximity of Vienna to the Italian lands was perhaps a reason why the intellectual development at the imperial university was more of a piece with Italian humanism than with the culture that prevailed at the northern seats of learning. At Vienna the art of Latin poetry received especial attention, and the greatest of the German stylists, Conrad Celtes, who produced many volumes of verse in the manner of Ovid and other classical poets, found the atmosphere of Vienna most conducive to this phase of humanism. Here, under the auspices of Maximilian, a special faculty of poetry was organized, and the laurel crown and other insignia were conferred upon each applicant who gave satisfactory evidence of possessing the qualifications of a professional verse-maker.

Of another character was the court of the Elector of Saxony at Wittenberg. The Elector, Frederick the Wise, is an enigmatical character, whose characteristic silence passes, as is so often the case, for evidence of latent strength. That strength, however, was wanting at a critical moment in his career, when, during Luther's absence at the Wartburg, the whole ecclesiastical and social edifice seemed likely to fall about his ears. The Elector was much less a modern man than Maximilian, both in training and in inclination. He knew little Latin, and his newly founded university at Wittenberg bade fair to be little more than a feeble reflection of the great humanistic centre at Erfurt, until the stirring events of 1517, so fatal to the purposes of the humanists, drew the attention of the world upon the little Saxon town and supplied the Elector with one of the great rôles of modern history.

A more truly humanistic centre was the archiepiscopal seat of Mainz, where the young and energetic sovereign, Albert of Brandenburg, archbishop, cardinal and elector, gathered about him a coterie of scholars for the glory of his reign and the embellishment of his court. So long as rivers constituted the main avenues of intercourse in Europe, the Rhine valley ever exhibited a stage of material and intellectual progress in advance of the less accessible portions of Germany. Mainz itself, the seat of the new art of printing, the last station on the way to the great fair at Frankfort, was a point of first importance on this route of travel and exchange. Its university was in touch with Cologne on the north and Heidelberg on the south, and as temporal ruler of a wealthy and populous district the Elector was one of the most powerful princes of Germany.

Next to the imperial and princely courts the cities were the most important centres of the new learning. Particularly in South Germany the fifteenth century witnessed a remarkable urban development. Augsburg, Nuremberg, Ratisbon and Ulm, distributing points for the swelling stream of Eastern wares that poured into Central Europe by way of Venice and the Alpine passes, became great centres of wealth, and brought forward a new and powerful social element, the burgher class, men of the new time, keenly alive to the spirit of progress, unhampered with precedent and eager to take advantage of the new opportunities of pressing forward to importance and distinction. The sons of these shrewd tradesmen, reared in an environment of industry and thrift, were much more likely to qualify themselves for positions in private and in official life requiring intellectual skill and technical knowledge, than the sons of a rash and undisciplined nobility, accustomed only to the pursuit of inclination and pleasure.

These men of the upper middle class aided the progress of humanism in various ways—by their patronage of artists and literary men, for example. This was of especial value to literature at a time when the profits of publication could hardly be expected to afford a livelihood. All over Europe we find writers dedicating their works and fugitive pieces to men of wealth and distinction, from whom an honorarium might be expected in token of appreciation. To stand in epistolary relations with so great a humanist as Erasmus was an honor which many a wealthy burgher felt well worth a generous purse. Even if he did not recognize that such intercourse would snatch him from eventual oblivion, yet the fact that Erasmus' letters became at once the property of the literary world was sufficient to secure an honorable notice before his contemporaries. Again, these humanistic proclivities, particularly in the time of Maximilian, were often sufficient to secure intimate relations with the imperial crown. Conrad Peutinger and Willibald Pirckheimer, distinguished representatives of the burgher class in Augsburg and Nuremberg, not only materially increased their local importance, but reflected lustre upon their native cities by means of their intimate relations with the Emperor Maximilian and the assistance rendered him in his effort to collect the monuments of German antiquity. Peutinger and Pirckheimer were products of the best Italian and German culture, and were themselves productive humanists. Their wealth enabled them not only to entertain and aid their companions in letters, but also, by their patronage of artists and antiquaries, to accumulate large private collections, in which prerogative of wealth they were pioneers in Germany. Their affluence is in direct contrast with the Grub-street conditions which prevailed generally in literary circles at the time; but the contrast is softened and humanized by the fact that their wealth was so freely employed, both in relieving the material needs of their literary contemporaries, and in making possible the publication of their works.

In another manner, however, the cities contributed even more largely to the advancement of learning. Their liberality in the foundation of bursaries made it possible for a multitude of students from rural parts to obtain such education as only towns afforded. In the eyes of the fifteenth century citizen it was one of the essential attributes of a large and prosperous town that it should be the educational centre of its commercial territory; and not only did the bursaries furnish lodging and warmth during the winter season, but the citizens themselves supported with alms a great body of poor students who spent their afternoons in singing for bread through the streets. The student and the street musician were one at the beginning of modern times.

Another institution that contributed to the advancement and direction of literary effort was the society of literati (*sodalitas literaria*). There were two of these in Germany, the Danubian and the Rhenish (*sodalitates Danubiana et Rhenana*). The former had its permanent home at Vienna, where it enjoyed the patronage of the Emperor, and the personal interests of its most important member, Conrad Celtes, threw its activity almost exclusively into the direction of verse-production. The Rhenish society had no such distinctive seat, but included in its membership the patrician humanists of Augsburg and Nuremberg, the learned bishop of Worms, Johann von Dalberg (1445–1503), the Heidelberg literary group, and Johannes Trithemius (1462–1516), abbot of Sponheim, famous not only for his general literary activity, but also on account of his supposed magical powers, to which a still credulous age attributed much importance.

It is by comparing these German societies with the academies of Italy that we are able to arrive at the general relation of the German to the Italian Renaissance. The German movement is of a homelier and less aspiring character. While the Florentine academy sought nothing less than a restoration of Greek philosophy, the Danubian society was content with paraphrasing Ovid and Virgil. The Roman academy undertook to discern and interpret the antiquities of that centre of the classical world, while the Rhenish society attempted nothing more ambitious than the publication of the works of the nun Hrotsvitha.

But if German humanists failed to inoculate their fellow citizens with the philosophic spirit of Greece and Rome, they at least discovered many practical applications of their learning, and opened the way toward a larger view of human life. That the spirit of theological strife descended and closed this way, and filled the arena with internecine struggle, so that for two centuries Germany was shut out from the van of European progress, was a result which the ablest of German humanists predicted at the opening of the Lutheran controversy. It was not the way Erasmus would have chosen. Whether it led, after a lapse of centuries, to as good or to better results, is one of the problems of history for whose solution the material will ever be wanting.

RUDOLF AGRICOLA.

Rudolf Agricola, or Rudolf Husmann as he was called before the adoption of his scholarly name, was born in 1443 near Groningen in Friesland. His parents were in modest circumstances. Agricola received his elementary education in Groningen; at Erfurt he attained to his baccalaureate degree and went thence to Löwen in Brabant for mathematics and philosophy. Agricola's disposition is shown by the fact that during his residence in Brabant he avoided, so far as possible, the rough and roystering life of his countrymen, and sought the more refined and elegant society of the French. At the age of sixteen he received the master's degree at Löwen, and continued his theological studies at Cologne. At the age of 23 he went to Pavia, and there took up the study of law, in accordance with the wish of his family and friends. His interest in the law was feeble, however, and as time advanced he gave himself up to the study of classical literature. In Pavia he became acquainted with Johann von Dalberg, who afterwards became bishop of Worms, and remained on terms of intimacy with this influential man during the remainder of his life. In order to pursue to better advantage the study of Greek, Agricola went to Ferrara, where he remained six or seven years at the court of Hercules of Este. His presence here was the more appreciated on account of his musical skill and his contribution to the services of the ducal chapel.

Upon Agricola's return from Italy he spent three years in his native country, residing mostly in Groningen. In 1484, at the urgent request of his friend, von Dalberg, who in 1482 had been chosen bishop of Worms, he made his residence at Heidelberg. Here he took up the study of Hebrew, with the intention of revising the Latin version of the Old Testament. In 1485 von Dalberg and Agricola made the journey to Rome together. On the homeward journey he fell sick and reached Heidelberg only to die in the arms of his friend and patron, at the age of 46.

In his habits and talk Agricola more nearly resembled the Italians than the Germans of his time. His interests were in music and painting, rather than in the coarser pleasures of his countrymen. One of the earliest of German humanists, his inclinations and extensive Italian experience made him the most polished of the group.

Agricola's chief work was *De inventione dialectica*, begun in Ferrara and finished in 1479 in Germany. He left also many letters, several translations and lesser works, including a biography of Petrarch (written at Pavia in 1477), whose personality he much admired.

FROM A LETTER TO JACOB BARBIRIANUS.*

In the arrangement of your studies two considerations, it seems to me, come prominently forward. In the first place, it is necessary to determine what department of knowledge shall be chosen. Then you must consider by what method it is possible to achieve the greatest success in the department already chosen. I wish to make myself clear on both these points. For some persons the compelling force of circumstances, having its origin either in external conditions or in natural capacity, determines the choice of a profession. Others, on the contrary, turn with a freedom of selection to that which they hold to be the best. If, for example, one has limited resources, he turns to that occupation in which he may hope to secure for himself, in the briefest possible space of time, the means for satisfying the needs of his existence. If, furthermore, one is by nature less energetic and possesses a weak intelligence, then for fear of wasting his effort he may not select that department which in fact most appeals to him, but will be obliged to select that in which he may achieve the greatest success. In the same way would he err, to whom abundant means and fortunate spiritual gifts have been confided, if with all his strength he did not pursue the highest aims, or if, able to reach the highest place, he should content himself with the second or the third. Therefore one chooses the civil, another the canon law, and still a third medicine. Very many devote themselves to those wordy utterances resounding with empty verbal contests, which are so often mistaken for knowledge. They pass their days in labored and interminable disputations, or, to use an expression much to the point, with riddles, which in the course of many centuries have found no Oedipus to solve them, nor ever will find him. With these things they torture the ears of the unfortunate youth. Such nourishment they provide for their pupils, with force, so to speak. In this manner they kill the most promising talents, and destroy the fruit while yet in the blossom. Nevertheless, I commend all these intellectual exercises, and would commend them still more, if they were undertaken in a proper and orderly manner. For I am not so foolish as alone to condemn what so many praise. Why should I too not approve it, when I see that many thereby have attained to wealth, position, esteem, fame and distinction? Indeed I know and willingly acknowledge that many of the sciences, as Cicero says, are more easily converted into gain than others, of which it is said they are unfruitful and resultless, since they enrich the spirit rather than the pocket. If then you have gain in mind, you must choose one of the much celebrated professions, by the practice of which you may become rich. At the same time, you must always remember that the fame which you secure in this manner, you always have in common with every clever man of business. But if you cherish the juster view, that that which is noble should be pursued for its own sake, and if you are persuaded that your resources are sufficient for your modest demands—for when our demands are excessive even the slender means of others seem to us too great, and our own, on the contrary, were they ever so great, too small—then I advise you to turn your attention to philosophy; by which I mean to say, give yourself the trouble to acquire a competent knowledge of things in general, and the ability to express adequately what you know. This knowledge, like the essence of the things that form its subject, is twofold, one branch relating to our acts and customs. Upon it reposes the whole theory of a proper and well regulated manner of living. This sphere of philosophical activity furnishes the science of ethics. It is of the first importance, and deserves our special attention. It is to be sought for, not only among the philosophers, who treat it as a branch of literature, as for example, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca and others, who have written in Latin, or who at least have been translated into Latin, so that it is worth while to read them; but also among the historians, poets and orators. They teach morality, not systematically, it is true, but they indicate it—and this is indeed the most effective—in their praise of the good and their blame of the evil, and by their use of examples of virtue and its antithesis by way of illustration. By reading them, you arrive at the contemplation of the Scriptures; because you must arrange your life in accordance with their injunctions; to the Bible you must trust, as to a certain guide in matters of the soul's salvation. All that which is furnished from other sources is more or less mixed with error; for they did not succeed in constructing an ideal of life that was absolutely correct and irreproachable in every respect. Either they did not recognize the object and purpose of life, or they had only indistinct perceptions, and looked, so to speak, through a veil of cloud. Therefore, although they talked much about these matters, it was not because they were thoroughly permeated with their doctrine. It is otherwise with Holy Writ. That is as far removed from all error as God, who has given it to us; it alone leads us on the sure and certain way. It removes all obscurity, and permits us not to be deceived, to lose ourselves, or go astray.

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*Sammlung der bedeutendsten pädagogischen Schriften aus alter und neuer Zeit. 15. Band. Paderborn, 1893.

There are, however, other things, a knowledge of which serves rather to adorn the spirit, and the exploration of which must be regarded rather as a noble pleasure than as a necessary condition of existence. Here belong the investigations into the essence of things. Multiform and manifold is this domain, and upon its various sides it has been treated by talented men, gifted with the power of expression. If this sort of activity is not absolutely necessary for the development of a moral man, at least it contributes not a little thereto; for when a true interest in scientific investigation has once seized upon a man, there is no more room in his soul for low and common-place effort. That man learns to despise and belittle things which the common herd gazes upon with admiration. He pities those who are held to be fortunate on account of the possession of such things, because he recognizes how vain and transitory are these possessions in their nature, and because he recognizes that no greater misfortune could fall upon the universe than that all its parts, even the most subordinate, should be transformed into such things as gold and jewels, to which the blindness of humanity has attributed so high a value. With the aid of this knowledge we recognize also the frailty and transitory nature of our bodies, exposed to the mutability of events. Thereby we see that we must give our whole attention to the soul, that to its care we must devote our time, since in its care no pains are thrown away, no success is perishable. I pass over much in my discussion, for everything that could be said in this connection would fill a book and not merely a single letter. It is sufficient, moreover, to have merely indicated what is already known to you, that this branch of knowledge is worthy the highest efforts of an able man.

I am not willing, however, that you should assimilate merely the rudiments of this science as at present—we are conscious of it daily—it is presented in the schools; for that you have already done with zeal and willingness, in a manner worthy of recognition. It is rather my meaning that you must come nearer to the things themselves, and investigate the situation and the natural qualities of countries, mountains and rivers, the customs of peoples, their boundaries and their conditions, the territorial possessions which they have inherited or extended, the virtues of trees and plants, which Theophrastus has recounted, and the history of living creatures, which Aristotle has treated from the literary point of view. Why should I further mention the literary treatment of agriculture and of medicine? These authors have written in many fields, one on the art of war, another on architecture, a third on painting and sculpture. These arts, it is true, do not belong exactly to that part of knowledge which explores the essence of things, but they are related to it, nevertheless, and spring, so to speak, from the same source. Therefore, I have no reason to be apprehensive, if I seem forced to present them in the same connection.

All that, however, which, as I have said, has a bearing upon our customs and upon the nature of things, you must obtain from those authors who have presented these things in the clearest light. Then you will acquire at once a knowledge of the things themselves, and that which I regard as most important in a secondary degree—the gift of suitable presentation. You are aware, moreover, that upon this point the greatest men afford much guidance. But it is necessary that you should lay aside the teaching which has been given us as boys at school. Gather up all that you have learned in this field, together with the prejudices that accompany it, condemn it, and make up your mind to give it up, unless you are again put in possession of it through the recommendation of better vouchers, as though by official decree. Therefore it will be very useful for you to translate everything that you read in the works of classical authors into your mother tongue, using words as apt and significant as possible; for by this exercise you will bring it about that when you are obliged to speak or write, the Latin expressions will evolve themselves from your mind in immediate connection with their originals in the vernacular. If, moreover, you wish to commit something to writing, it is recommended that you first arrange the material as completely and correctly as possible in the vernacular, and then proceed to express it appropriately and forcibly in pure Latin. In this manner the presentation will be clear and exhaustive; for it is easier to detect an error in the vernacular. In the same way every one will notice most readily, in the language most familiar to him, whether a point has been expressed too obscurely, too briefly, in too labored a manner, or in a manner not in keeping with the subject. In order to avoid these mishaps, seek to express everything that you write in the purest, that is, the most accurate Latin possible. The adornment of the discourse is a matter of secondary importance. This can only be arrived at when the presentation is sound and faultless. It is with discourse as with the human body; if all parts are not in suitable condition; if, for example, they do not possess the right form and size, it is in vain that you embellish them with objects of adornment. The ornament stands in sharp contrast to the body itself, and the foreign embellishment makes the distortion all the more noticeable by comparison. But enough of the studies which you must pursue in this direction.

It remains for me to indicate the method by means of which, in my opinion, you may reach the best results. Many, no doubt, would differ with me, but my view of the matter is as follows: Whoever, in the acquisition of a science will obtain a result proportionate with his effort, must observe three things in particular: He must grasp clearly and correctly that which he learns; he must retain accurately that which he has grasped; and he must put himself in a position to produce something independently, as a result of that which he has learned. The first requisite, therefore, is careful reading; the second, a trustworthy memory; the third, continuous exercise. In reading, the effort must be, to thoroughly penetrate and comprehend in its full meaning that which is read. It is not sufficient to understand what is treated of; with classical writers it is furthermore necessary to give your attention to the meaning of expressions, to the peculiarities of arrangement, to the correctness and fitness of the diction, to the balance of the sentences, and to the ability of the writer to clarify a subject, to clothe the weightiest and most obscure things in words and bring them forth into the light of publicity. It must not be said, however, that when by chance we come across a passage in itself obscure, or at least unintelligible to us, we shall stop and go no further. Many throw their book at once aside, give up their studies entirely, or bewail their limited intelligence. On the contrary, we persevere in our efforts, and are not necessarily vexed. If you find something, the meaning of which you cannot at once determine, it is best to pass over it for the moment, and reserve it for another opportunity, until you find a man or a book that will afford an explanation. Oftentimes repeated reading is sufficient to clear the matter up; for one day teaches the next, as I am fond of saying. If Quintilian reckoned it among the virtues of a grammarian to be ignorant of many things, how much more, I will not say necessary, but indeed pardonable it is in our case, if we now and then are ignorant of something. I wish above all things, however, not to give the impression that in this discussion I am making a plea for superficiality. On the contrary! I believe that there is no way in which I can more effectually put a spur to zeal than by making it clear, how by reading itself one opens the way to comprehension; and that all difficulties which arise in reading are by reading itself set aside.

The next requisite is an accurate memory. Memory depends immediately upon natural qualities; but even here art may be helpful. This art has been presented in various ways by different teachers. Nevertheless the essentials are the same. This art seems to me especially adapted for two sorts of uses. It often happens that you are compelled to speak or to bring forward a great number of things without special preparation. The danger is that you will fail in respect of consecutiveness or in respect of completeness. If, for example, you have to present certain claims before a prince or before a senate, or you are obliged to reply to the arguments of an opponent, then you will most appropriately seek help in this art. If it is desirable to exercise the memory, however, it can best be done in the following manner: That this method for the strengthening of the memory is in the highest degree beneficial Quintilian assures us, and experience teaches us as well, if we but make the trial; for the memory, quite as much as any other gift, is capable of being strengthened by frequent exercise, or of being weakened by a lack of interest or by neglect. If it is wished that certain things should be firmly lodged in our mind, it is necessary first of all to grasp them as intensively as possible, then to reproduce them as frequently as possible, and thereby establish the highest degree of certainty conceivable. Finally, we must take up this exercise when our spirit is otherwise unoccupied and free from the burden of pressing thoughts. For, let us do what we will, it still remains an established fact that we cannot do two things properly at the same time. True it is, as Sallust says, that the mind is strongest when a strain is put upon it; but it cannot possibly be effective when it is directed into several channels at the same time. The third and last point that I have to raise treats of the art and manner in which we may derive an individual benefit from what we have learned, and bring our knowledge to light; for the products of our effort ought not to remain idle and unfruitful in the depths of our minds, but like seed corn, which has been entrusted to the earth, they should bring forth abundant increase. This subject is very comprehensive and productive. It deserves an extensive treatment, which I have in mind for some further opportunity; for upon this question depends the principal reward for a long-continued effort and for much trouble expended in pursuit of knowledge. That is to say, if we can leave nothing to posterity, can transmit nothing to our contemporaries beyond that which we ourselves have appropriated, what difference is there then between us and a book? Hardly more than this, that a book preserves with accuracy for all future time that which it has once taken to itself, while we must frequently repeat and impress that which we have appropriated, in order that we may retain it permanently. In this connection two requisites make themselves apparent. Each is in and for itself something great and fine, but the union of the two in an intellectual career unquestionably deserves especial recognition. The first requisite is this: All that we have learned we must have in constant readiness for immediate use. For you frequently find people who have acquired much and who remember many things, but they are unable to recollect just the things of which they have especial need. These people indeed know many things, but they have no exact knowledge of anything. The second requisite is the ability to discover and produce something outside the area of our acquisition, something that we may ascribe to ourselves and put forward as our own spiritual property. In this direction two things afford us great aid. In the first place, we must establish certain rubrics, for example, virtue and vice, life and death, wisdom and ignorance, benevolence and hate, etc. They are suitable for all occasions. We must recall them frequently, and, so far as possible, arrange under them everything that we have learned, or at least everything that we are learning. Then by each repetition of the rubrics, everything that we have arranged under them will be recalled; and finally, it will come about that everything we have learned will be always present, before our eyes, so to speak. It will often happen, however, that an example or a sentence may be brought under various rubrics. Thus, for example, you may place the account of the violation of Lucretia under the head of Chastity, because it teaches us how highly this should be valued, when Lucretia believed she must repurchase it at the price of her life. It goes equally well under the head of Beauty, for it shows us how great sorrow this may cause, and how greatly it endangers chastity. It may be included also under the rubric Death; for death is no evil, since Lucretia preferred it to a life of shame. The account comes also in the chapter of Lust, for it shows how this moral weakness has caused misfortune and war. It also justifies the aphorism that great evil often produces great good, for the whole circumstance brought to the Roman people their free constitution. In a similar manner the saying, *est virtus placitis abstinisse bonis*[1] may be classified in various ways. It may be placed under the head of Virtue, for it is reckoned a virtue to abstain from the benefits that fall to us. The rubric Benefits may also come in requisition, since not all benefits are worthy of effort. The idea of Continence may also be considered.

In the second place, in everything that we learn we must carefully consider, compare and thoroughly elucidate the individual expressions. Let us take, for example, a sentence from Virgil: *Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi prima fugit.*[2] First of all, the poet says *optima;* how must we value benefits, when those which we consider best of all not only vanish, but hasten away and torture us with fear in the face of a hopeless future, which seems the more depressing when we contrast it with conditions that have gone before? Then follow the words *dies aevi*, the day of life; how slight must that be reckoned, if it is so fleeting, and the best it contains is destroyed at its beginning, in its bloom, so to speak! What joy can there be in life, when those who rejoice in it are called, not only mortals, but also miserable? Why should they not be so called? Are not their goods and their very lives as fleeting as the day itself! They are indeed made subject to the law of death. Finally come the words *prima fugit.* We have not come to know the day sufficiently well through use of it. Therefore, all that follows, no matter how good in itself, seems cruel in remembrance of that which is lost. The day vanishes, is not released or sent away. How deceptive and how uncertain is fortune! How little is it in our power! How little does it depend upon our approbation!

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[1] It is a virtue to renounce the things that please us.

[2] The happiest day of life most quickly escapes unhappy mortals.

If, then, you will pursue such a subject through all the points of dialectic—that is to say, of course, so far as it responds to your spiritual disposition—you will find yourself in possession of abundant material for presentation, and also for your inventive faculties to work upon. The method, however, I cannot perfectly present in the narrow compass of a letter. I have treated this question more at length in the three books *De inventione dialectica*.

Whoever carries out these instructions properly and carefully, especially when the theoretical development of dialectic is added thereto, will obtain in a high degree the ability, which will be always at his command, of discoursing over almost any theme that may be presented. It must be assumed, of course, that the theme concerns that department of knowledge with which he is acquainted. It is in this manner, it seems to me, that the old masters, whom the Greeks called Sophists, that is, wise men, have developed their powers, and attained to so great readiness and ability in discourse, that they, as is seen in the case of Plato and of Aristotle, caused any theme whatsoever to be advanced, and then discoursed upon it as extensively as was desired.

Thus Gorgias of Leontini, the originator of so bold an undertaking, thus Prodicus of Ceos, thus Protagoras of Abdera and Hippias of Elis have first educated themselves and then taught others. Moreover, that which I have treated of in the second instance will afford great capacity for judgment in the appropriation of knowledge, and lead to new demonstrations, to new conclusions, or at least to a new arrangement of those already on hand. When to this a suitable style is added, eloquence is attained and the way is opened to the attainment of oratorical distinction. But enough of this! Demetrius of Phalerus, in his περὶ ἑρμηνείας,[1] says that a too extensive letter is really no letter, but a book with a formula of salutation at its beginning. Whatever may be thought of this disturbs me not; for I have set myself the task of furthering in every possible way your studies, and in the event of my failure, to show at least that I have made the effort. The will may indeed be of little account, if measured by the result; but in the domain of friendship, where the will stands for the deed, it has so great a value that nothing greater can be asked or given.

[1] Exposition.

And now to add a word concerning my personal affairs, let me tell you that on the second of May I came to Heidelberg. My lord, the bishop, received me kindly, and has shown me nothing but amiability and benevolence. Let me tell you of my folly, or, to speak more accurately, of my stupidity. I have resolved to learn Hebrew, as though I had not spent enough time and pains on the little Greek that I have acquired. I found a teacher, who a few years before accepted our faith. The Jews themselves gave him credit for an extensive acquaintance with their learning, and were accustomed to oppose him to our theologians, when they were challenged to disputations on the subject of religion. Out of kindness to me the bishop undertook to care for him at the court. I shall do the best I can, and hope to accomplish something. Perhaps I shall arrive at this result, because I am confident of doing so. Joseph Rink has informed me of your misfortune. It came to you from a source, as I well know, whence it was most difficult to endure. I am not certain whether I most lament your misfortune or such perfidiousness. At any rate I have sympathized deeply with you in your sorrow, and should have given my sympathy expression in an elegy—this form of verse being specially adapted for such complaint—had I been so quiet and collected that I might have brought myself to poetical composition. I beg of you, send me something in the way of vocal music of your own composition; but something finished, that will earn you praise. We have singers here to whom I have often spoken of you. Their leader composes for nine and twelve voices. Of his compositions for three or four voices I have heard nothing that especially pleased me. But my impression is in no sense a proper judgment; very likely his compositions are too good for my limited comprehension. Farewell, and be assured of my friendship; give my regards to the distinguished and learned magister, Ambrosius Dinter, our Nicholas Haga, the elegantly cultured magister, Jacob Crabbe, your neighbor, and especially to Joseph Rink, an amiable young man, who is very devoted to you.

The verses which I sent you I have carefully read through a second time. I found three or four errors in the poem to Mother Anna; the printer had transposed the letters. Therefore I send you this manuscript, in order that you may correct your copy by it. See to it, I beg of you, that this, together with the letter, is delivered to the regular canon of St. Martin's, Adam Jordan in

Löwen. Again farewell! Heidelberg, June 7, 1484. Send me exact information concerning your affairs through this messenger.

JACOB WIMPHELING.

Jacob Wimpheling (1450–1528) was born at Schlettstadt, in the Upper Rhine country. His education was acquired in the schools of his native town and at the universities of Freiburg, Erfurt and Heidelberg. Although for a considerable time connected with the university of Heidelberg in the capacity of teacher, the most productive period of Wimpheling's life was spent at Strasburg, where his more important works were written. These works were mostly pædagogical. The *Isidoneus*, a guide for the German youth; the *Adolescentia*, of a similar character, and the *Agatharchia*, or book for the direction of princes, were all of them attempts to raise the standard of education in Germany. The *Germania*, written in 1501, during Wimpheling's residence at Strasburg, was an appeal to that municipality to establish an advanced system of public schools. Incidentally, however, he appealed to the sentiment of German patriotism, defending the thesis that Alsace had ever been a German land; a contention which was opposed by another famous German humanist, Thomas Murner (1475–1537). Out of this difference of opinion arose one of the most celebrated literary controversies of the time.

Wimpheling's interest in educational matters won for him the distinguished title of the "Schoolmaster of Germany." His writings obtained a wide circulation and did much to determine the character of German education for two centuries. Apart from this special work, Wimpheling was a typical humanist of the earlier type, selecting his material with reference to its value for purposes of Christian culture, and possessing all the homely and substantial virtues of his race. He valued the new learning chiefly for its adaptability to the purposes of practical life, and the methods he advocated looked to the production of able and conscientious men rather than accomplished scholars.

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Isidoneus*.

Chapter 25: The Study of Greek.

In the matter of Greek I am not competent to render judgment or give an estimate, since in the best years of my youth I had no teacher in this branch. If I wished to follow the example of Marcus Cato, and learn it in my mature years, there would be no lack of excellent teachers in Germany. Thus Rudolph Agricola has learned and taught Greek. Johannes Camerarius Dalberg, Bishop of Worms, devotes himself with ardor to the study of Greek—he who is the ornament of Germany, the glory of his gen-

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Sammlung der bedeutendsten pädagogischen Schriften. Band 13. Paderborn, 1892.

eration, the especial pride of Duke Philip of Bavaria, the crown of bishops—he whom, on account of his astonishing erudition, I regard as born for something even more distinguished. With no slight ardor does Johannes Trithemius, Sponheim's pious abbot, devote himself to the study of Greek. Among those who at the present time are competent to teach Greek is also Johannes Capnion, or as he is commonly called, Reuchlin of Pforzheim, and the poet laureate, Conrad Celtes. It is, moreover, well known that Augustine in his second book of Christian Doctrine advances the opinion that for those who speak Latin a knowledge of Greek is necessary for the understanding of Holy Writ. It is also known that teachers out of their ignorance of this tongue have communicated much of error to their pupils. For example, they were of the belief that the name of Christ, which was written by our ancestors, who for the most part knew Greek, with three Greek letters, XPC, had been incorrectly indicated with three Latin letters, although it is beyond doubt that the first of these three letters indicated to the Greeks not "x," but "ch;" that the second stood not for "p" but for "r," while by the third not "c," but "s" was meant.

Chapter 26: The Aim of Grammatical Instruction.

Contemplate, O teachers, the aim of grammatical instruction! Bear in mind that this instruction is to enable the pupil to speak Latin correctly and agreeably on all occasions, to understand it perfectly and to be able to apply it to branches of knowledge that promise the greater rewards. This is the object, this the aim, this the sum and substance of your instruction. But when it is possible for any one to reach this goal with small pains and slight exertion, is he not foolish to wander here and there through by-ways and all sorts of turns and twistings at the expense of greater effort? But many remain obstinate in their errors and close their ears even to the plain truth. Although a straight path is offered to them for the study of grammar, yet they pursue a crooked way, which brings them from the direct route; they abandon the level road, in order to forge ahead over a way full of inequalities; they give up the short road, in order to deceive their uninstructed youth with meaningless and windy discourses, together with great loss of time and interruption of mental development; to weaken and unnerve them. They remain themselves, together with their pupils, blind and lame, for their ignorance in respect to the elements of grammatical instruction permits them to grope about in darkness. He will never attain to the object of grammar, who during his entire youth has busied himself with his Alexander,[1] with the meaning of words, with figures and examples, all of which is superfluous, and at the end can neither thoroughly grasp nor understand the smallest preface of Jerome, nor any homily of the fathers, nor anything whatsoever that is agreeably written with all the grammar which he is supposed to have learned.

Therefore it is for you, who are placed at the head of the public schools, to conduct your pupils by the nearest possible way to an understanding and a knowledge of the Latin tongue. Leave untouched the old established explanations, which are full of absurdities, and above all such as are calculated to cause one to forget rather than to learn, in which there is nothing either graceful or dignified, and which, moreover, are useless either for the acquisition or the comprehension of Latin.

The Latin language I regard as the noblest of tongues; it can be learned and understood by the people of every nation; it makes the noble born still nobler; one who knows it not is thereby rendered unworthy of the Roman imperial crown; in it have countless things been written, which can scarcely be translated into the German or any popular speech; he who despises it shows himself unworthy of it; he who refuses to become a Latinist, remains forever a wild beast and a two-legged donkey. Our princes and their trusted courtiers and flatterers—not to call them "worshippers," with Augustine—as despisers of the Latin language and literature, might be called barbarians by foreigners; and such in truth they are. But you, admirable youths, love this tongue; no other language is nobler, more graceful and more expressive; no other language surpasses it in abundance and splendor of high and enlightened thought.

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Adolescentia.*

Chapter I. The Choice of Books.

If I did not fear to be accused by others of presumption, I should advise teachers to observe, in the introduction of the grammar, the orderly succession and the principles which I have presented in my "*Isidoneus.*" I permit myself to hope that immediately after the instruction in the alphabet they will put into your hands the Donat,[1] to which I have nothing to add, and from which I have little to take away. Then will they make you acquainted with the varieties and declensions of nouns and verbs, with the easier forms of sentences and terminations according to Sulpicius,[2] or some other good exercise book for boys. Then they will place before you Basil the Great[3] and the letter of Æneas Silvius to King Ladislaus.[4] After these have been completed, this book of mine may, I think, without detriment, be placed in your hands, by means of which you may become acquainted with Cicero, Sallust, Seneca, Tranquillus and Valerius Maximus. In this manner you will be able more easily to attain to an understanding of the remaining historical works; among others to an understanding of Christian history, of the noble deeds of the Germans, especially in the account of Otto of Freisingen, in whom your noble father, who possesses a carefully revised and perfect edition of this work, takes great delight.

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[1] The *Doctrinale puerorum* of Alexander de Villa Dei, written 1209 (1199), a famous Latin grammar, which came into extensive use in the Middle Ages. With singular perversity the text was tortured into hexameter verse.

When you will read something of a more sprightly character, to cheer you up or for amusement, turn to Lucian. Whenever any sad mischance has shaken you, take your flight to Francesco Petrarca, who for all the turns of fortune, be they good or ill, has ever a perfect remedy and in a tasteful form, as well against arrogance and presumption as against discouragement and sadness. If, however, you love brevity, take up the equally interesting and instructive book of Baptista Mantuanus, *De patientia.* If you take pleasure in learning of the tasks and duties of an upright prince or count, or if for the relief and unburdening of your conscience you will give to God an account of the days of your life, then you may peruse my *Agatharchia.*

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[1] Or *Donatus;* the *ars grammatica* of Aelius Donatus (IV century A. D.). This book, in two forms, the *ars minor* and the *ars major*, came into general use as an elementary Latin grammar after the middle of the twelfth century.

[2] Johannes Sulpicius Verulanus (Giovanni Sulpicio of Veroli), a humanist of the XV. century; taught at Rome, and composed works upon grammar.

[3] St. Basil (329–379), Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia.

[4] *Vide* Source-Book of the Italian Renaissance, pp. 55–63.

hapter III. Boys of noble birth more than others should be instructed in the humanities.

If it is the duty of all parents to afford a good education to their hildren, it is of especial importance that those boys who later in ife are to occupy prominent positions, and whose words and deeds ay not lie in obscurity, should be instructed in the higher ranches of learning, so that they may be worthy of their fortune, heir dignity and their prominence. It is a reasonable condition, hat those who demand for themselves the highest should also roduce the highest. There is no safer nor more enduring basis or dominion than that those who rule should be considered most orthy of their lordship.

Chapter IV. Learning and virtue are more to be esteemed than all else.

Every one should strive for learning and virtue, which alone onfer nobility. These are to be striven for above all other things o which the human mind directs itself. For money, honor and leasure are changing and transitory. The possession and fruits f virtue on the contrary are unassailable and permanent, and ake their possessor immortal and happy. The youth, there- ore, especially when he comes of distinguished parents, should be eminded with especial emphasis, that he may value the soul's dvantage and not the gifts of fortune and physical accomplish- ents. Each day he should exert himself, in order that he may ot become an awkward, lazy, stupid, foppish, wanton fellow, s in our day most of the noble-born are, but that he shall be in- elligent and educated; that he may be well instructed from his outh and not ignorant of the humanities; that he shall apply imself to the reading of Holy Writ; that he may be well-bred, ust, gentle and pious; that he may be no friend of wastlings and uffoons, or of such as find their joy in biting calumny, or of such s in any way outrage good breeding; in order that he may be ather a friend of clever and cultured men.

Chapter V. A boy's disposition has to be determined at the start.

In the first place, each one has to give proof of his talents and apacity. Since on account of their age this cannot be adequately etermined in the case of boys, it will be necessary for their arents or the teachers to whom the youths have been entrusted, o observe carefully the general direction of their mind, and talents, ccording to their natural dispositions. Their studies should then be directed into this same direction, and with these studies they should occupy themselves exclusively.

Chapter VII. The sons of the great shall not apply themselves exclusively to the chase.

What special signification has the art of the chase—if indeed this employment deserves to be called an art—for a king or for a noble prince, that for it he despises and neglects all other skilled labors and exercises of the body? Is it not true that an ordinary man of base extraction, devoid of all distinction, of all cleverness and aptitude, may be quite the equal of a prince in the exercise of the chase? The worst gallows-bird, empty of all ability, of all cleverness, of all fear of the Lord, is qualified to apply himself to this "delight." He too may carry the horn which hangs about his neck; he too may jump about like mad, and race his horse here and there through field and forest, and fill the air with cries; he too in peril of life and health may follow the game and shoot it with bow or gun or run it down with hunting-spear.

For a prince, however, that would be a more laudable art, in which a man of common birth and low intelligence could not equal him. Therefore he shall apply himself to use with ease the noblest of tongues in reading and in speaking and particularly in oral intercourse with foreigners; he shall consider it furthermore his duty to learn the customs of the ancients and the manners of foreign lands; he shall make himself acquainted with historical statements and relations, such as serve for agreeable and witty entertainment or for elevating instruction; then too, the holy councils, which attend to the interests of the individual and of the state, as well as to the public and civic welfare, should not be unfamiliar to him; in the range of his knowledge he should include the arts of peace and war, as well as the proper training of children, and law and equity, which may serve for the defence of justice and the maintenance of right. Then will he rise above his subjects; then will he be distinguished from them in his actions; then will he draw upon himself beyond a doubt the love and veneration of his people.

Chapter VIII. The indications of good natural gifts.

One indication of ability and of a spirit worthy of a free man is shown in the striving after praise and the desire for honor.

Hence arises the contest for honor and distinction. It is another token, when great things are dared for praise and honor. A third token betrays itself in the readiness for good deeds, in the disinclination for idleness and in the desire always to accomplish something of importance. A fourth is shown in a dread of threats and blows, and a still greater dread of dishonor and shame. Hence arises that feeling of modesty and awe, which is of the highest value at this time of life. It is also a good indication when boys blush on being reproved, and when they mend their ways after having been chastised. A fifth sign is when they love their teachers and bear neither dislike nor hatred against them or their discipline. A sixth sign is this: that children listen willingly to their parents and are not deaf to their well-meant admonitions; for youth is inclined to sin, and when it is not held in bounds by the example and counsel of older people, it often seeks in haste the road to destruction.

Chapter XLVI. The fifteenth rule forbids carousing.

The youth shall avoid most carefully immoderate use of wine and intoxication. Immoderate use of wine injures the health, and seriously limits the use of reason; it arouses strife and war and excites evil desires. For this reason the Lacedæmonians permitted drunken slaves to come before them at their meals, not that they might enjoy their disgusting conversation or their filthy actions—for it is only a worthless man who takes pleasure in the faults or in the vices of others—but that they might place before their young sons a living example of the shamefulness of intoxication. Was there ever an evil greater than this infamy? If then the disfigurement of the body is so disgusting, how great is to be regarded the deformity and repulsiveness of the soul disfigured with this vice? Whoever possesses the sense of shame that deters him from that so-called pleasure of eating and drinking, which man has in common with swine and donkeys, he may consider himself fortunate. Socrates indeed said that many men lived in order to eat and drink; he, however, ate and drank in order to live.

A youth, therefore, who desires to be accounted wise, must never smell of wine; he flees drunkenness as he would poison; he follows not the seductions of the palate, for a full stomach does not sharpen the senses. A pleasure-seeking and immoderate youth bequeaths to age an exhausted body. The youth must know that human nature is content with little, so far as needs are concerned; in respect to pleasure, however, nothing is able to satisfy it. He should know, finally, that food, taken in moderation, is conducive to health; but that the contrary is the case when taken in excess. Thus saith John Chrysostom: "Nothing is so pleasing as well-prepared and well-cooked food; nothing more conducive to health; nothing so effectually sharpens the wits; nothing drives away an indisposition so quickly as a moderate refreshment. An excess, however, produces sickness and disorders, and calls forth discord. The effects of hunger are equally produced, and even to a greater degree and with more disastrous consequences by immoderate indulgence; for hunger carries a man off in a few days, and delivers him from the pains of this life. Immoderation in food and drink destroys the human body and causes it to wither and saps its strength through illness, and then finally takes it hence in painful death." Jerome held this view, and appealed to the physician Hippocrates and his expositor, Galen.

Let the German youth accustom himself, therefore, to be moderate and careful with his food and drink, so that the opinion of foreigners may not be justly applied to him, when they say, with injustice, and without ever giving thought to their own shortcomings, that all Germans are given to intoxication and drunkenness. Young men may believe me when I say that I have known many a young man who has wasted his patrimony in debauchery and riotous living, and finally has seen himself compelled in misery either to beg his bread in shame and degradation or to end his life in the poorhouse.

Chapter XLVII. The sixteenth rule forbids curling the hair.

The young man shall turn his thoughts to neatness, but not to such a degree that it may be too evident or seem labored; he shall avoid negligence, which betrays a rustic mind and lack of culture. In the same way he shall look to his attire, and in this matter, as in most others, the golden mean is to be preferred. If in Holy Writ long hair is forbidden to man and youth, as being conducive to dishonor, how much heavier an offence is it then, not only to roll up and curl the hair, which naturally grows smooth and straight and is adorned with pleasing colors, but also to moisten and dye it with artificial color. A well-mannered and modest youth will hold himself aloof from such deceit and feminine practices; for nothing was so certain a sign of the worst of all vices to the ancients as this wicked and shameful custom of curling the hair. Thus Plautus says of a certain one: "Thou voluptuary with the curly hair!" Curling the hair makes a woman of a man; it softens the youth; it produces an abundance of vermin; it strives in vain for that which nature has forbidden; it is a sign of arrogance and bluster; it betrays epicureanism and sensuality; it offends God the Lord and frightens away the guardian angel; it makes the head heavy and affects the brain; it weakens the memory and deforms the countenance; it gives old age a horrid, mangy look; it is evidence of great simpleness. Is there anything more absurd than to hold the hair in estimation above the head; than to care more for the color of the hair than for sprightliness of mind, as the brave and honest poet Diether has said with playful grace to your distinguished father. Finally, crimping the hair shuts one out from the kingdom of Heaven; for how will God, the best and highest One of all, deem those worthy of the kingdom of the blest who, dissatisfied with the form, with the countenance, with the hair which he has given them, are not ashamed to wear false hair, to slight and despise that divine gift, and to seek strange gifts. On the last day the Judge will be able to confront those who crimp and curl their hair with these words: "I have not created this man; I have not given him this countenance; this is not the hair which I gave him at birth." Augustine bears us witness with these words: "God is against the arrogant and those that curl their hair."

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Agatharchia*.

Chapter XIV. The Support and Direction of High Schools.

It should be the care and effort of a prince, that scientific studies should flourish in his principality and that many wise and energetic men should distinguish themselves therein. In this matter you will do well to imitate your father. It was his earnest desire, that the high school at Heidelberg should advance in all excellent sciences, and particularly in the humanistic studies, which before all are indispensable to young men, and of value in the still more important exercise of the sacred law; for it is not sufficient that this or the other branch of learning should enjoy especial prosperity and consideration at the high school. It is necessary that suitable arrangements should be made for each branch of learning, through the whole range of the higher arts and sciences. For in this wise such institutions of learning show themselves worthy of the name of "University."[1] Thus your father acted well and advisedly, when he founded a college for jurisprudence. For it is better that teachers and pupils should dwell together, than that the latter should be separated and scattered hither and thither in nooks and corners without supervision.

Chapter XV. The Desirability of having suitable Pastors and Teachers.

A prince shall nominate or appoint for his pastors and for the direction of his scholars, able, learned and cultured men, who are qualified to give instruction. And although in other cases princes are accustomed to state their desires rather violently—as some one has said: "When princes ask, it is a specially emphatic form of command," or "The mighty put their requests with a drawn sword"—yet in these two instances, that is to say, in the matter of the cure of souls and the education of children, the prince shall not advance any one he chooses to an academic standard; he shall not personally advance the claims of his favorite without due consideration; he shall not confide to an inexperienced man a responsible position as pastor, simply because his father understood his business or his service as cook, huntsman, fowler or zither-player, to the injury of the man's own soul and to the detriment of the prince himself. A prince will have to give an account of all these things. It would be more to the purpose to bestow offices of this sort upon men of distinction, mature and blameless men, who have acquired a fund of human experience, who are able to awaken confidence, who are thoughtful of the welfare of their native land, who love God and the salvation of souls more than all other things, who allow themselves to be directed by nothing, neither by the arrangements of this or that one, nor by the demands of the faculty or the bursary, but simply and exclusively look to the morality, the intellectual advancement, the eloquence and the progress of those who are entrusted to their care. It is also not to be permitted that at a high school one faculty should subordinate, encroach upon or oppress another. The prosperity of the high school and due respect for the founder demand rather, that the faculty which was first established should not give way; reason suggests that equilibrium should be preserved; equal labor and equal remuneration, and in a similar way, equal consideration on the part of those whose privilege it is to bestow rewards and favors. Especially are those self-seeking souls to be kept at a distance who do not hesitate, for their own advantage and with unseemly pertinacity in their own behalf, to undermine the whole academic structure, to violate every approved regulation, to destroy the sacred harmony and break down a just distribution of stipends.

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[1] *Academia Universitatum.*

Chapter XVII. The Training of Princely Children.

A prince should see to it, that his children are well educated and well trained, and that from their earliest years they are directed toward humanistic studies. They should be able also to use the Latin language in a satisfactory manner. This will redound to their honor in the assemblies of princes, in their intercourse with ecclesiastical dignitaries, in the reception of candinals or in their intercourse with foreigners. Julius and Augustus, Marcus Cato, King Robert of Sicily, Constantine, Charles the Great and other princes and their sons have neither impaired the honor of their names in any way through such study, nor have they discovered therein any diminution of their martial glory. What the characteristics of a good teacher are, I have already indicated in my *Isidoneus*. As to how they should bring up boys, they may peruse the letter of Aeneas Silvius to Ladislas.[1] In the training of older pupils they should govern themselves by Holy Writ and the writings of the heathen. They may find inspiration also in the treatise which John Gerson addressed to the confessor of Charles VII. King of France; above all they should not neglect the *Summa* of John Gallensis.[2]

Chapter XXII. Precautions against the Artificial Raising of Prices.

A prince should take care that well-filled granaries are at hand for the benefit of his people, so that an occasional famine may be mitigated by means of the surplus of foregoing years. He shall also take precautions, so that when, to punish us for our sins, God in his wisdom limits the increase of fruits or sends destructive storms upon us, prices shall not rise out of reach through the insatiable avarice of priests or citizens. He shall see that just prices are made, so that the scarcity may be more endurable for the poor; for there are such as collect and heap together the harvests of several years, and hold them back purposely, in order that they may sell these products at advanced prices. People of this kind sometimes bring about an advance in prices merely by their avarice. If your father Philip had not broken this up and forbidden, in years past, that the price of a bushel of wheat should exceed 16 solidi,[1] the price of the same would have risen to a pound denarii or nearly to two pounds and this merely through the wantoness of avaricious people, who cared not whether poor people suffered hunger or even died of hunger, if they themselves could get rich. I speak from experience.

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[1] *Cf.* Source-Book of the Italian Renaissance, p. 55, *et seq.*

[2] English Franciscan monk. Taught at University of Paris in 1279. His *Summa Collationum* was a book of aphorisms.

Chapter XXIII. To Prevent the Exportation of Gold and Silver.

A prince shall take precautions, in so far as it is possible without offense toward God, that neither gold nor silver shall be taken out of his territory into foreign lands, unless a complete equivalent therefor is returned. I do not know why it is that other people have contracted the habit of draining the German nation dry, while no gain comes to us from foreign lands. The Roman annates, the spices and fabrics of Venice, the Italian rectorates, the French jugglers and players, the regular orders, their hospitals and settlements carry enormous sums out of our lands. Our people, however, have only one order founded for the Germans, and this has obtained in all France not one cloister, nor a single settlement, nor any kind of income whatsoever. The French, on the contrary, have in our midst the Antonines,[2] the Valentinians, the Benedictines and many others; not to speak of the Cistercians and Praemonstratensians. So great is either the simplicity or the generosity of the Germans.

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[1] According to the Carolingian coinage regulations the pound silver was divided into 20 solidi or into 240 denarii.

Established 1095. Under Boniface VIII, changed to a congregation of Augustinians; 1774 united with the order of Malta; dissolved in the revolutionary period.

JOHANN REUCHLIN.

Johann Reuchlin (1455–1522) is, next to Desiderius Erasmus, the most important character in the German Renaissance. A student at many universities in Germany, France and Italy, Reuchlin became licentiate in law at Poitiers (1481), and returning to Würtemberg, was appointed to a judicial position under the government of that state. His professional duties left much time for study, and he became so proficient in the languages of antiquity, that he was called the "three-tongued wonder of Germany." The Hebrew text-books which he produced first gave an opportunity in Germany for the study of that language and literature.

Various diplomatic missions led Reuchlin again to Italy, where he came in contact with Pico della Mirandola, whose influence gave a mystical turn to Reuchlin's philosophical writings, a tendency which had little effect upon his contemporaries or upon posterity. As a teacher, however, as a representative of the widest culture of his time, and as a source of inspiration toward intellectual effort, Reuchlin exercised great influence upon the scholars of his time. As a humanist, he felt little sympathy with Luther's schismatic attitude, but unwittingly he furnished the Protestant movement with one of its ablest leaders, in the person of his nephew, Melanchthon, for whom he secured the chair of Greek at the university of Wittenberg.

Reuchlin's eventual fame is largely due to the fact that he became, much against his will, the central point about which raged a bitter literary controversy, which occupied the attention of the world of letters in the decade just preceding Luther's appearance.[1]

LETTER TO JOHANN AMMERBACH.[2]

To the prudent, honorable and wise gentleman, my dear sir and good friend, Master Johann Ammerbach, citizen and publisher at Basel.

My friendly and willing service is at all times at your disposal, dear master Hans, sir and friend. I have received your letter, dated Basel, August 2d, and have also learned of the complaints you have made concerning the Jerome and my books[3] as well. I should be very glad if everything could happen in accordance with your wish and approbation, and where it does not so come to pass, I am truly sorry; but nevertheless the fault in both instances is not mine. I have done everything that my knowledge, ability and duty indicated. I send you the *tertia pars epistolarum:* I have attended to it carefully, so far as the Greek and Hebrew are concerned. The Latin I have not disturbed, as indeed throughout the whole of Jerome. This you have not asked me to do, and you will find enough people who can do that. I send you likewise the commentaries on the Psalms.

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[1] See below, "Letters of Obscure Men."

[2] Johann Reuchlin's Briefwechsel, von L. Geiger. Litt. Verein, Stuttgart, 1875.

[3] The *Rudimenta hebraica*.

So far, however, as the Jeremiah is concerned, I have informed you more than once that to the best of my knowledge and belief, I can find no old copy of Jeremiah in any cloister. I have done much riding here and there for this purpose, and I should not undertake to correct it for you without a text. There is, however, no real necessity for this, since master Bruno[1] and yourself are able to supply the lack, so far as the Hebrew is concerned, and master Johann Cuno, the Dominican, can readily find a Greek text amongst the books of his cloister, wherefore there is no need of me. Likewise regarding the *interpretationes hebraicorum nominum*, no one would undertake this, because it is incorrect; in fact, it was not composed by St. Jerome, but the Greek church formerly possessed it, and so he translated it from the Greek; and it contains much that is erroneous, because in his exposition he has not followed his own judgment, but the common error, as he himself permits it to be seen in the *Epistolæ ad Fabiolam de 42 mansionibus*, *mansione nona*. It would be possible to point out appropriately in an introduction that it is not his own.

In the same way, so far as the two introductions are concerned, the one *in literas hebraeas*, the other *in literas graecas*, since you write that there will be need of them for those who wish to buy and read St. Jerome, I must inform you that I have not been negligent of your interests in the matter, but have had master Thomas print the *introductorium*[1] of Aldus in Greek and Hebrew, and he has done it well. I have also incorporated with it the seven penitential psalms with my literal exposition and furthermore a synopsis of the *Rudimenta*, and had master Thomas print the same, in order that your Jerome and your *Rudimenta* which you purchased of me, should be of more value and succeed better; for of what use was it to make a vocabulary and grammar, when no one could obtain a Jewish book, whereby he might have use for a vocabulary.

Master Hans Fröben has already written me in your behalf, that you have complained loudly because many of the copies of the

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[1] Son of Ammerbach.

[1] *Introductorium perbreve ad gramm. hebr.*

Rudimenta were wanting or had been injured, and that on this account you have held back the money loaned by me; it was my intention to arrange the matter with him at the last fair, but at that time he did not come to Frankfort. However, my dear master Hans, dear sir and friend, if any shortage has occurred in the case of these books, it is not my fault. For when you made the bargain with me, according to the terms of our written contract, made at Basel and signed with your own hand, you directed me, after having divided with master Thomas, to place 600 copies in my sister's house at Pforzheim, so that you might find them there. I did that, as certain reputable persons can testify who were there at the time, and I had a carpenter build some shelving out of timber and boards in one of my sister's rooms, according to the advice of those who understood such things. Then master Thomas counted me out 600 books and placed them there at your disposition. He also (as his people say) sorted them out one by one, some weeks previously, in order to get the best copies. You ought at that time to have had them taken away by one of your own men, who would have understood better about arranging and handling them than my sister, who nevertheless out of friendly disposition and good will diligently supervised the task. They lay there, however, a long time *periculo emptoris*, until I received word from you through master Hans, that you desired I should have the goodness to arrange with Thomas of Pfortzheim to pack the books lying in my sister's house and send them to Strasburg as quickly as possible, to a publisher named Johannes Knobloch, and that I should advance the charges for carriage from Pfortzheim to Strasburg; that he would repay me, and would also make good whatever the casks and packing cost.

I gave evidence of my friendly disposition toward you, and wrote my sister, and also arranged with master Thomas, in accordance with the above request addressed to me, and I also paid what was to be paid, as I have already written you. But a few books, I do not know how many, which would not go into the casks, are still lying in my sister's house. Wherefore I have now requested my sister by letter to have these books carried to Frankfort, where they may reach your people; and in this matter I have acted in every respect as if it had been my own affair. I have also requested master Thomas to act in your interest, and he says that he will do with diligence what you desire, and will again look through his books, and if he finds any superfluous leaves will send them to you; and this you are also to do for him. And this may be done easily, for each leaf has its number, and may be noted readily; and so I should very likely be informed by your people that there was no further shortage or defect, but for the fact that when they packed the books some iron nails were driven into the casks to hold the hoops fast, and these have gone through into the casks. The damage may have happened quite as well at Strasburg as at Pfortzheim, while they were taking the books out, when they may have caught the leaves on the nails and have torn them. It is not my fault, however; that must be evident to you. Therefore I maintain my point and will not recede from it, for there is nothing that might be reckoned my fault; and even if you had discovered a shortage of eighteen books, and that thirty books were defective or damaged, as master Hans writes, still it would not even then justify a deduction of eighteen florins.

You also promised me through Conrad Leontorius, whom you commissioned to bring your book to me, and who wrote me with his own hand, that if I would correct the corresponding passages in the Greek and Latin texts of St. Jerome, you would give me twenty florins. I have corrected a third more than the agreement called for, and have also placed Jeremiah last, for in your book the New Testament stands after the epistles of Jerome.

Again, you instructed me to come to Basel, and the journey cost me for myself and my servant and horse more than ten florins in money. In addition to this I loaned you there five florins and some shillings; then you promised at Basel to give me a Spanish bed-cover and several books, such as the works of Augustine, Ambrose, etc. I make no mention of the carpenter's food and drink and the porters who helped to carry the books to and fro and pack them, and the additional sum which I have spent in riding to the cloisters, Bebenhausen, Mühlbronn, Hirshau, Denckendorff and Lorch, at your request. All that would have been sufficient security, without the loan of money. Indeed I would not take thirty florins and do for any one else the work I did for you during the fourteen days I was at your place, as a certain one who was at your house, master Adam by name, is said to have remarked jocosely at Frankfort, in speaking of the matter: "What I have done is nothing, but there is one with you now, the latchets of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." But I am willing to let that pass. I have done the best I could; let others do their part.

Although you write that you are willing to lose a third upon the books you have bought, there are many people who do not credit it. Master Thomas is dissatisfied to this day, because I gave you my books, when he had sold all of his; for I have suffered a considerable loss in the transaction and merely because I would not wait for him; therefore you must simply wait until the book makes money. And that this will come to pass I have no doubt, for if I live the Hebrew tongue must go ahead, with God's help; and if I die, I have at least made a beginning that will not easily be set aside. I am indeed willing to suffer loss for the common good, dear master Hans, sir and good friend. I am not willing to forfeit your friendship for the sake of money. If I have deserved any thanks at your hands, let it go to my account; if I have deserved no thanks from you, then may God reward me, and may he ever protect you and your wife and your children from misfortune. Given the Tuesday after the festival of St. Augustine, in the year 1512.[1]

DOCTOR JOHANN REUCHLIN.

SEBASTIAN BRANT.

Sebastian Brant (1458-1521) was born at Strasburg, studied at the university of Basel, became doctor of civil and canon law, and taught at Basel until 1501, when he returned to his native town. There he held several municipal offices and in 1521 was given charge of an embassy to Ghent by the emperor, Charles V.

Brant's *Narrenschiff*, or Ship of Fools (Basel, 1494) was one of the most popular books of the sixteenth century. The work passed through numerous editions and was translated into many modern languages. Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fooles* (1509) is based upon Brant's work, but is so expanded and diluted that the vigor of the original is lost. The *Narrenschiff* has no purpose, other than that of a satirical presentation of the weaknesses and foibles of society. Along with other classes of society it handles somewhat roughly the shortcomings of the clergy, and in this wise furnished material for the opponents of the church. Brant, however, was thoroughly orthodox, and wrote without polemical motive and without hostility to the religious institutions of his times.

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[1] Aug. 31, 1512, at Stuttgart.

FROM THE *Narrenschiff*.[1]

The foremost rank they've given me,
Since I have many useless books,
Which I neither read nor understand,

(1) *Of Useless Books.*

That I sit in this ship foremost
A special meaning has in truth,
And is not done without a cause.
For I rely upon my books,
Of which I have a great supply,
But of their contents know no word,
And hold them yet in such respect,
That I will keep them from the flies.
When people speak of knowledge, I say
I have a lot of it at home;
And am content with this alone,
To see a lot of books about.
King Ptolemy, he so contrived,
That he had all books in the world,
And held them for a treasure great.
Still he had not the law of truth,
Nor knew well how to use his books.
So I have many books as well,
And very few of them peruse.
Why should I break my head on them,
And bother myself with lore at all?
Who studies much becomes a guy.
Myself, I'd rather be a man,
And pay people to learn for me.
Although I have a clownish mind,
Yet when I am with learned folk,
I know how to say "*ita*" for yes.
Of German orders I am proud,
For little Latin do I know.
I know that *vinum* stands for wine,
Cuculus for gawk, *stultus* for fool,
That "Domine Doctor" I am called.

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[1] Sebastian Brant's Narrenschiff, herausgegeben von F. Zarnke. Leipzig, 1854.

If my ears were not hid for me
A miller's beast you'd quickly see.

Who studies not the proper art,
He surely wears the cap and bells,
Is led forth on the string of fools.

(27) *Of Useless Studies.*

The students I cannot neglect;
They too are taxed with cap and bells,
And when they put their headgear on
The point may somewhat backward hang.
For when they ought to study hard,
They'd rather go and fool about.
To youth all learning's trivial.
Just now they'd rather spend their time
With what is vain and of no use.
The masters have the selfsame fault,
In that true learning they despise
And useless trash alone regard:
As to whether it's day or night
Or whether a man a donkey made,
Or Socrates or Plato walked.
Such learning now the schools employs.
Are they not fools and stupid quite
That go about by day and night,
Among themselves and other folk?
For better learning they've no care.
Of them it is that Origen
Speaks, when he says that they are like
The frogs and grasshoppers that once
Th' Egyptian land reduced to waste.
And so the young men get them hence
While we at Leipzig, Erfurt, Wien,
Heidelberg, Mainz and Bâle hold out.
But come back home although with shame,
The money by that time is spent.
And then we're glad to turn to trade,
And then one learns to bring in wine,
And soon turns out a serving-man.—
The student cap will get its bells.

MAXIMILIAN I.

Maximilian I., emperor of Germany from 1493 to 1519, son of Frederick III., emperor and founder of the Hapsburg power in modern Europe, was born in 1459. In 1477 Maximilian married Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold, thereby securing to his line the succession to the rich possessions of the house of Burgundy.

In addition to his patronage of literature and the arts, Maximilian found leisure for literary composition. Among the works attributed to him are the *Theuerdank*, a poetical allegory, setting forth the adventures of his courtship, and the *Weisskunig*, a general record of his life, in prose. Just what part may be ascribed to Maximilian in the preparation of this work is uncertain. It is believed, however, that the emperor furnished the material, and that the literary form, of the *Weisskunig* at least, was the contribution of his secretary, Treitzsauerwein.

FROM THE *Weisskunig*.[1]

How the Queen gave birth to a son.

When now the time of the child's birth drew near, there was seen, but as yet not clearly, a comet in the sky, and it gave rise to many opinions. The old white king, likewise the exiled prince and all the folk of the entire kingdom cried aloud to God, with great devotion, asking that through his divine grace all the people might have occasion to rejoice in the queen's safe delivery. When any Christian man contemplates the mighty grace which Almighty God conferred upon them both in this world, as for example, the highest spiritual and temporal honor of their coronation at Rome; and when he thinks as well of their piety and humility, that in their love of God they visited and sought to honor all holy places in the City of Rome and elsewhere; then he need not doubt that God heard this prayer out of his benign tenderness, for all good things come from God. And on this day and at the hour of the child's birth the selfsame comet appeared much larger than before and gave forth a clear and brilliant light. Although comets, for many reasons, usually make melancholy the heart of him who looks upon them, yet this comet with its glow was pleasing to look upon, so that each heart was moved at the sight of the comet, and thereby its special influence was a sign and revelation of the child's birth. In the midst of this appearance of the comet, the queen, through the divine grace granted and bestowed upon her, in the city called the Neustadt, bore her child with gentle pains, and was in her delivery greatly rejoiced, because the child was a beautiful son. Then out of joy they began to ring the bells and throughout the whole kingdom were lighted countless fires of rejoicing. How great was the joy of the old white king and all the people of his kingdom, over this happy birth. Now when this child was born, the comet ceased at once with its glow, whereby it is to be recognized that the same comet was a token of the child's future rule and of his wondrous deeds. And the exiled prince recognized that by this comet his counsel was confirmed through the influence of heaven, and he also requested that he might raise the child from the baptismal font, to which office he was called by the old white king, since the prince himself was born of kingly race. One thing will I make known: that when this child came to his years and to his rule, he was most victorious and most warlike, and to look upon his countenance he was most gracious, which indeed is wonderful to see in one who is warlike and of all most warlike; in this may be recognized the comet's bold and frank appearance, and its gracious aspect, as a token of the future.

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[1] Der Weiss Kunig; eine Erzehlung von den Thaten Kaiser Maximilian I., von M. Treitzsaurwein auf dessen Angeben zusammengetragen, nebet den von H. Burgmair dazu verfertigten Holzschnitten. Wien, 1775.

Note, that the king's countenance is likened to this gracious aspect.

How the young white king learned the black art.

In this advancement of the young white king, his father, the old white king, took great satisfaction, and his heart beat so high with joy that a terror seized him when he thought that all joys should have their source in the praise and honor of God; and in this manner his spirit was deeply moved to consider the future upholding of the Christian faith. How great was his emotion! He recalled how often in former times, powerful kings in their later years were fallen away from the true belief into a new faith, all of which had come about solely through the seduction of the black art. Much is to be written thereof, but as a proof of what I write, this same art is forbidden in the Christian faith and by the ordinances of imperial law, and exterminated, whereby it must be let alone, for the soul's salvation and for the increase of our faith. Although this art is damning to the soul and an injury to our faith, yet the human spirit is so weak and diseased in its constancy, in its determination to discover hidden things, that this art, whose false basis and unreality is hidden, is so very dear to man that many come thereby into error and despair. Now the young white king often heard speak of this art, and from time to time he chanced to see the very ablest writings, wherein this art is set forth. In the midst of the joy and the contemplation of the old white king, as related above, the young white king came to him. Then spake the father to the son: ''What think you and how do you regard the black art, which is a damnation to the soul, and a crime and seduction to men? Are you not disposed to learn it?'' Thus did the father for the purpose of making evident to him the hidden seduction, and to plant future doubts. The son gave him answer: ''St. Paul, that most excellent teacher of the Christian faith, writes and commands us that we shall learn all things and experience all things, but avoid the ill and cleave to that which is good.'' Thereupon spake the father to the son: ''Go hence and take to yourself the most learned man in the black art, and investigate it thoroughly; but bear in mind the first commandment of God: Thou shalt believe in one God; and also St. Paul's teaching, which you have just indicated to me.'' The young white king sought out an especially learned man in the black art, who began to teach him with uncommon industry, with the idea that this same art should be looked upon by the prince as good and useful and held dear. And when the young white king had studied it for a time, and satisfied himself of its uselessness, he discovered that the art was contrary to the first commandment of God, which reads: Thou shalt believe in one God; and for the first time he understood St. Paul's teaching, for he who has not experience of it easily believes, and thereby it often comes about that he is led astray. For a while the learned man disputed with the young white king, in order to discover his spirit and his desire, and then he said to him: ''This art is an art whereby great lords may increase their power.'' Then asked the young white king of him, whether there were more gods than one. Thereupon he answered: ''There is but one God.'' Upon this answer the young white king said: ''You have spoken truly, and thereby is the black art vain, and the learning which I have discovered in the same, the seduction of our faith.'' From this speech the learned man easily perceived that he was sufficiently wandered in this lore. With how great wisdom had the old white king made the reflection above related, and how prolific of usefulness was it to the Christian faith; for when the young white king came into his years and into his powerful reign, he permitted no unbelief nor heresy to be kindled or spread abroad, which, however, have often obtained the upper hand; and indeed it has happened from time to time that, through the confidence and by permission of inexperienced men, men of evil have been strengthened in their desperate enterprises and have adhered to them, a thing which these kings through their careful experience and their especial wisdom have avoided, to the salvation and happiness of their souls and to the maintenance of the Christian religion.

How the young white king came to the young queen, and how he was received.

When the young white king was on his way to visit the aforesaid young queen, then was this announced to the two queens aforesaid. Thereupon they were filled with great joy and wrote at once to all their retainers, and let them know as well of the approach of the young white king. The retainers tarried not, but came without hindrance to the two queens. Then counsel was taken of them as to how the young white king should be received. Thereupon was written to the young white king, he should come into the city named Ghent, and the two queens, with their retainers, would also come thither; and as soon as this letter had been dispatched to the young white king, the two queens, with their retainers, drew into the said city and there awaited the arrival of the young white king, who, after a few days, himself came thither; and on the same day that he entered the city there rode toward him, first, the citizens of the city, most elegantly arrayed, then all the retainers, princes, bishops, prelates, counts, lords, knights and squires, a great multitude; then the whole clergy, with all the sacred relics, in a procession, and all the people of the city, and received the young king with great honor and high distinction, and with especial joy; and he too rode into the city, with great concourse, in costly array and royal honors, and all who saw him felt an especial pleasure in his beautiful youth and upright bearing, and the common folk said, they had never seen a finer youth, and they were filled with amazement, that the old white king, his father, should have sent his son, in the beauty of his youth, so far into a foreign land; and the young king was festively entertained at his lodging, which was decorated for him in the richest manner. The two queens had prepared towards evening a grand banquet, and sent to the young king persons of high degree, to invite him to the banquet, where the two queens would receive him in person; and when he would go to the banquet he dressed and adorned himself with elegant clothes and jewels, and went with his princes, nobles and knights, in royal array, to the banquet. Then night came on and the throng was great, and there were many torches, for each wished to see the young white king. Meanwhile the two queens were alone together in an apartment, and conversing together said that they would like to see the young king secretly. Thereupon the old queen, the young queen's mother, disguised herself in strange garments and went secretly and unknown out of the apartment into the hall, where the young white king should come. Now the crowd of people was so great that for a long time the old queen was unable to get past, and was obliged secretly to seek, and when finally she came past the people, at that same moment the young white king entered the hall, and when he was pointed out to her at first she would not believe that it was the young white king, for she thought he was too handsome, and that she had never seen a youth so fine, and she tarried to see which of all really was the young white king. And now she saw that all honor was done to this same handsome youth, and moreover that he was escorted by the mighty archbishops and princes, and that this youth could be no other than the young white king. Thereupon the old queen went in haste to her daughter, the young queen, in her chamber, and said from the depths of her heart: "O daughter, no such beautiful youth have I seen as the young white king and this young king shall be thy lord and consort, and no other." From these words it is seen that the king of France and his son came to grief with their secret wooing, which I have mentioned before.

For the young white king was indeed a comely youth, well built in body and bone, and had a sweet and lovely countenance and wonderfully beautiful yellow hair; he was called, on account of his beauty and his fitness, the white king with the gracious countenance. Now when the young white king stood in the middle of the hall, the two queens advanced to him with great elegance and received him with royal honors, with great joy and friendliness. And as soon as the young queen saw the young white king she was much pleased with his person, and with this same contentment her heart became inflamed with honorable love toward him. In this same hour, with her royal consent, the marriage was confidentially discussed and joyfully determined upon, and thereafter the banquet with great enjoyment carried out. How rich in joy was indeed this banquet, where such a royal marriage, between two persons of the greatest worth and beauty was concluded!

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

Desiderius Erasmus (1467–1536), as he called himself according to the literary fashion of the time, changing the name of Gerhard to its Latin and Greek equivalent, was born at Rotterdam, a natural son of Gerhard of Praët. Left an orphan at an early age, he was induced against his inclination to take monastic vows in 1486, but effected his release from a life which he found distasteful, and went to Paris as secretary to the Bishop of Cambray. A student at the university of Paris, Erasmus' health was broken with the privations undergone, both in Paris and during the following years of scant existence. To Lord Mountjoy, whom he tutored at Paris, he owed an introduction to English society, and an acquaintance with the English scholars, More and Colet. In 1506 he made the journey to Italy, and published from the Aldine Press his book of Adages (printed for the first time in 1500). In 1509 Erasmus returned to England, hoping much from the new king, Henry VIII., who as a prince was favorably inclined toward learning. At this time he composed in England the Praise of Folly, best known of Erasmus' works, perhaps because the Reformers found in it such valuable material for their attack upon the Roman church.

Dissatisfied with England as a place of residence, partly on account of the indifference of the king, and partly because of its remoteness from the great centres of publication, Erasmus returned to the continent in 1513, and took up his residence at Basel. Here he lived the greater part of his remaining years, engaged in literary work. The Reformation broke in rudely upon his labors. While sympathizing with Luther's early attempt to check the abuses of the church, Erasmus' interests were not theological. His work—and few men worked more strenuously—was literary. To him all was unwelcome that threatened the repose necessary for the intellectual development of Europe. The Reformers, unable to recognize his position or to sympathize with a condition of indifference toward theological matters, branded him a moral coward, and traces of this unjust stigma have outlived the period of dogmatic controversy and lingered on into modern times.

Of Erasmus' numerous works the Colloquies is said to have had the greatest immediate circulation. "No book," says Hoefer, "passed through so many editions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as the Colloquies of Erasmus. In them the author is found at his best, with all that nicety of observation, that caustic and incisive vein, that purity, that versatility and elegance of style which justify for Erasmus the name of the Voltaire of the sixteenth century."

For the latest contribution from a scholarly source to the history of Erasmus, cf. Dr. Ephraim Emerton's *Desiderius Erasmus*, in the Heroes of the Reformation series, Putnams, N. Y., 1899.

TWO COLLOQUIES.[1]

I. Naufragium.

A. These are dreadful things that you tell. Is that sailing? God forbid that any such idea should come into my head.

B. Indeed, what I have related is mere child's play compared with what you are about to hear.

A. I have heard more than enough of mishaps. I shudder while you narrate them, as though I myself were present at the danger.

B. Indeed, to me past struggles are pleasing. That night something happened which almost took away the captain's last hope of safety.

A. What, I pray?

B. The moon was bright that night, and one of the sailors was standing on the round-top (for so it is called, I believe) keeping a lookout for land. A globe of fire appeared beside him. It is considered by sailors to be an evil omen if the fire be single, a good omen if it be double. In ancient times these were thought to be Castor and Pollux.

A. What have they to do with sailors? One of them was a horseman, the other a boxer.

B. Well, this is the view of the poets. The captain who was sitting at the helm, spoke up. "Mate," said he, (for sailors address each other in this manner), "do you see what is beside you?" "I see," he replied, "and I hope it may be lucky." By and by the globe of fire descended along the rigging and rolled up to the feet of the captain himself.

A. Did he perish with fear?

B. Sailors are accustomed to strange sights. The globe stayed there a while, then rolled along the side of the vessel and disappeared down through the middle of the deck. About noon the storm began to rage with greater fury. Have you ever seen the Alps?

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[1] Opera omnia (edidit J. Clericus) Lvgd. Bat., P. van der Aa. 1703–1706.

A. Yes, I have seen them.

B. Those mountains are mole-hills compared with the waves of he sea. When we were lifted up on the crest of a wave, we might have touched the moon with our fingers. As often as we went down between the billows, we seemed to be going direct to the infernal regions, the earth opening to receive us.

A. Foolish people, that trust themselves to the sea!

B. The sailors struggled in vain against the tempest, and at length the captain, quite pale, came toward us.

A. That pallor presages some great evil.

B. "Friends," says he, I have lost control of my ship. The winds have conquered me, and nothing remains but to put our trust in God, and for every one to prepare himself for the last extremity."

A. O speech truly Scythian!

B. "But first," says he, "we shall relieve the ship of her cargo. Necessity, a stern mistress, commands this. It is better to save our lives, with the loss of our goods, than to perish along with our goods." The truth of this was evident to us; and many vessels full of precious wares were thrown into the sea.

A. This was indeed a loss!

B. There was a certain Italian who had been upon an embassy to the king of Scotland; he had a box full of silver vessels, rings, cloth and silk garments.

A. Would he not compound with the sea?

B. No; he wished either to perish with his beloved wealth, or to be saved along with it; and so he refused.

A. What did the captain say?

B. "So far as we are concerned," says he, "you are welcome to perish with your traps; but it is not right that we should all be endangered for the sake of your box, and rather than that we will throw you headlong into the sea, along with your box."

A. A speech worthy of a sailor.

B. So the Italian also made his contribution, with many imprecations upon the powers above and those below, that he had trusted his life to so barbarous an element. A little later the winds, in no wise softened by our offerings, broke the rigging and tore the sails into shreds.

A. Alas! alas!

B. Again the sailor approaches us,—

A. With further information?

B. He greets us. "Friends," says he, "It is time that everybody should commend himself to God and prepare for death." When certain ones who had some knowledge of the sea asked him how many hours he thought he could keep afloat, he said he could not say for certain, but that it would not be above three hours.

A. This information was more serious than the former.

B. With these words he ordered all ropes to be severed and the mast cut with a saw close to the deck, and to let it go by the board together with the yards.

A. Why was this done?

B. Because, since the sails were gone or torn to pieces, it was a burden rather than a help. All our hope was in the helm.

A. What were the passengers doing meanwhile?

B. There you might have seen a miserable condition of affairs. The sailors, singing "*Salve, regina*," implored the Virgin mother, calling her star of the sea, queen of heaven, ruler of the world, harbor of safety, and flattering her with many other titles, which the holy scriptures nowhere attribute to her.

A. What has she to do with the sea, who never sailed, so far as I know?

B. Venus formerly had the care of sailors, because she was supposed to have been born of the sea; since she has ceased her care of them, the Virgin mother has been substituted for her, in her maternal, not in her virginal capacity.

A. You are joking.

B. Some fell down upon the decks and worshiped the sea, pouring into the waves whatever oil was at hand, flattering it not otherwise than we used to flatter an angry prince.

A. What did they say?

B. "O, most merciful sea! O, most noble sea! O, most wealthy sea! Have pity, save us!" Many things of this sort they sang to the deaf sea.

A. Absurd superstition! What were the others doing?

B. Some were sufficiently occupied with sea-sickness; but most of them offered vows. Among them was a certain Englishman, who promised mountains of gold to our Lady of Walsingham, if only he might touch land alive. Some promised many things to the wood of the cross, which was in such a place; others again to the same in another place. The same was done in the case of the Virgin Mary, who reigns in many places; and they think the vow is of no avail, unless you name the place.

A. Absurd! as if the saints did not dwell in the heavens.

B. There were some who promised to be Carthusians. One promised to go to James, who lives at Compostella, with bare hands and feet, his body covered only with an iron coat of mail, begging his food besides.

A. Did nobody mention Christopher?

B. I could scarcely refrain from smiling when I heard one with a loud voice, lest he should not be heard, promise Christopher, who is in Paris, at the top of a church, a mountain rather than a statue, a wax candle as big as he himself. While he was bawling this out at the top of his voice, with now and then an additional emphasis, some acquaintance who was standing by touched him on the elbow and advised him, saying, "Have a care what you promise; for if you sell all your goods at auction, you will not be able to pay." Then says he, in a lower tone, lest Christopher should hear: "Hold your tongue, fool; do you think I am in earnest? When once I have touched land, I will not give him a tallow candle."

A. O, heavy wit! I take it he was a Dutchman.

B. No, but he was a Zealander.

A. I wonder that nobody thought of Paul the Apostle. He himself sailed, and when the ship was wrecked, leaped ashore; for he learned through misfortune to succor the unfortunate.

B. There was no mention of Paul.

A. Did they pray meanwhile?

B. Earnestly. One sang "*Salve! regina*," another "*Credo in Deum*." Some there were who had especial prayers, not unlike magic formulas, against danger.

A. How religious we are in times of affliction! In times of prosperity neither God nor saints comes into our head. What were you doing all this time? Did you offer vows to none of the saints?

B. Not one.

A. Why not?

B. Because I do not drive bargains with the saints. For what is it other than a contract according to form? "I will give this, if you will do that; I will give you a wax candle, if I swim out of this; I will go to Rome, if you will save me.''

A. But you sought the protection of some saint?

B. Not even that.

A. Why not?

B. Because Heaven is a large place. If I commend myself to some saint, St. Peter for example, who is most likely to hear me first of all, since he stands at the door; before he goes to God and explains my case I shall be already lost.

A. What did you do, then?

B. I went immediately to the Father himself, saying: ''Our Father who art in heaven.'' None of the saints hears sooner than He, nor gives more willingly what is asked.

A. But in the meanwhile did not your conscience cry out against you? were you not afraid to call him Father whom you have offended with so many transgressions?

B. To tell the truth, my conscience did terrify me a little; but presently I gathered courage, thinking to myself as follows: There is no father so angry with his son, but, if he sees him in danger, in a river or lake, would seize him by the hair and draw him out upon the bank. Amongst them all no one behaved more quietly than a certain woman who had a baby in her arms, which she was nursing.

A. What did she do?

B. She was the only one who did not cry or weep or promise. Embracing her child, she prayed silently. In the meantime the ship struck now and then, and the captain, fearing lest it should go to pieces, bound it fore and aft with cables.

A. What a miserable makeshift!

B. Meanwhile an aged priest, sixty years old, whose name was Adam, comes foreward. Casting off his clothes even to his shirt and his leather stockings as well, he ordered that we should prepare ourselves in a similar manner for swimming; and standing thus in the middle of the ship he preached to us out of Gerson the five truths concerning the usefulness of confession, exhorting us all to prepare ourselves for life or death. There was present also a Dominican. Those who wished confessed to these.

A. What did you do?

B. Seeing that confusion reigned everywhere, I confessed silently to God, condemning before him my unrighteousness and imploring his mercy.

A. Whither would you have gone, if you had died thus?

B. I left that to God as judge; nor was I disposed to be my own judge; yet in the meantime I was not without some hope. While these things were going on, the sailor returns to us weeping. "Let every one prepare himself," says he, "for the ship will not last us beyond another quarter of an hour." For it was badly broken, and the sea was rushing in. A little later the sailor informed us that he saw a church tower, and advised us to pray to the saint for aid, whoever might be the patron of that church. All fall upon their knees and pray to the unknown saint.

A. If you had called him by name perhaps he might have heard you.

B. He was unknown to us. Meanwhile the captain steers the ship, shattered as it was, and leaking at every seam, and evidently ready to fall to pieces, had it not been bound with cables.

A. A sad condition of affairs.

B. We came so far in shore that the inhabitants of the place saw our danger; and running in crowds to the beach, they held up their coats and put their hats upon lances, to attract our attention; and threw their arms upward toward the skies, to signify that they were sorry for us.

A. I am anxious to know what happened.

B. The sea had already invaded the whole ship, so that we were likely to be no safer in the ship than in the sea.

A. Then you were obliged to flee to the holy anchor?

B. Nay, to the miserable one. The sailors bail out the boat and lower it into the sea. All attempt to crowd into it, and the sailors remonstrate vigorously, crying that the boat is not able to hold such a crowd; that each one should lay hold of whatever he could find and take to swimming. There was no opportunity for deliberation. One took an oar, another a boat-hook, another a sink, another a plank; and all took to the waves, each one resting upon his means of salvation.

A. In the meantime what became of that poor woman, who alone did not cry out?

B. She came first of all to land.

A. How was that possible?

B. We placed her upon a wide board, and lashed her on so that she could not very well fall off. We gave her a paddle in her hand which she might use instead of an oar, and, wishing her well, we set her adrift, pushing her forward with a pole, so that she might float wide of the ship, from which there was danger. She held her baby with her left hand and paddled with her right.

A. What a courageous woman!

B. When nothing was left, some one pulled down a wooden image of the Virgin Mother, now rotten and hollowed out by the rats, and embracing it, began to swim.

A. Did the boat arrive safe?

B. They were the first ones to be lost.

A. How did that happen?

B. Before it could get clear of the ship it tipped and was overturned.

A. How badly managed! What then?

B. While watching the others I nearly perished myself.

A. How so?

B. Because nothing remained for me to swim upon.

A. Corks would have been of use there.

B. Just at this time I would rather have had some cheap cork than a golden candlestick. Finally, as I was looking about, it occurred to me that the stump of the mast would be of use to me; but as I could not get it out alone, I got a companion to help me. We both threw ourselves upon it and so committed ourselves to the sea, I upon the right end, he upon the left. While we were thus tossing about, that priest, the sea chaplain, threw himself upon the middle, between our shoulders. He was a stout man. We cried out: "Who is this third man? He will cause us all to perish!" He, on the other hand, mildly replied: "Be of good cheer; there is room enough. God will be with us."

A. Why did he take to swimming so late?

B. He was to have been with the Dominican in the boat, for all deferred to him in this; but although they had confessed to one another on the ship, yet they had forgotten something, I know not what, and began confessing again at the ship's rail, and one laid his hand upon the other. Meanwhile the boat was lost; for Adam himself told me this.

A. What became of the Dominican?

B. He, the same one told me, implored the saints' help, put off his clothes and took to swimming all naked.

A. What saints did he invoke?

B. Dominic, Thomas, Vincent; but he relied most upon Catharine of Sens.

A. Did not Christ come into his mind?

B. This is what the priest told me.

A. He would have swum better had he not put off his holy cowl; with that off, how could Catharine of Sens recognize him? But go on about yourself.

B. While we were tossing about near the ship, which rolled hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, the helm broke the thigh of him who held the left end of our float, and he was knocked off. The priest prayed for his eternal rest, and succeeded to his place, urging me to hold courageously to my end and move my feet actively. In the meanwhile we swallowed a great deal of salt water. Neptune had mixed for us not only a salt bath, but a salt drink; but the priest soon had a remedy for that.

A. What, I pray?

B. As often as a wave came toward us, he turned the back of his head to it with his mouth firmly closed.

A. You say he was a stout old man?

B. Swimming thus for some time we had made considerable progress when the priest, who was a man of unusual height, said: "Be of good cheer; I feel bottom." Not having dared to hope for such happiness, I replied: "We are yet too far from shore to hope to find bottom." "No," he said, "I feel the ground with my feet." "It is," I rejoined, "some of the boxes, perhaps, which the sea has tumbled thither." "No," said he, "I plainly feel the earth by scratching with my toes." We swam on for some time longer, and he felt bottom again. "You do," he said, "what seems to you best. I will give you the whole mast and trust myself to the bottom;" and at the same time waiting for the waves to flow outward, he went forward as rapidly as he could. When the waves came again upon him, holding firmly to his knees with both hands he met the wave, sinking beneath it as sea-gulls and ducks are accustomed to do; and when the wave again receded he sprang up and ran. Seeing that this succeeded in his case, I did the same. Then some of the strongest of those who stood upon the beach, and those most used to the waves, fortified themselves against the force of the waves with long poles stretched between them, so that the outermost held out a pole to the swimmer; and when he had grasped it, the whole line moved shorewards and so he was drawn safely on dry land. Some were saved in this manner.

A. How many?

B. Seven; but of these two fainted with the heat, when set before the fire.

A. How many were you in the ship?

B. Fifty-eight.

A. O, cruel sea! At least it might have been content with the tithes, which suffice for the priests. Did it return so few out of so great a number?

B. We were surprisingly well treated by the people, who furnished us with all things with wonderful cheerfulness, lodging, fire, food, clothes, and provisions for our homeward journey.

A. What people were they?

B. Dutch.

A. No people are more civil, although they are surrounded with savage nations. You will not go to sea again, I take it?

B. No, not unless God sees fit to take away my senses.

A. And as for me, I would rather hear such tales than know them by experience.

II. Diversoria.

A. Why do so many people stop over for two or three days at Lyons? As for me, when I start upon a journey I do not rest until I come to my destination.

B. Indeed, I wonder that any one can be got away from the place.

A. Why, I pray?

B. Because that is the place the companions of Ulysses could not have been drawn away from. The Sirens are there. No one is treated better in his own home than there at an inn.

A. What do they do?

B. Some woman was always standing near the table to divert the guests with wit and fun. First the woman of the house came to us, greeted us, and bade us to be of good cheer and make the best of what was set before us. Then came the daughter, a fine woman, merry in manner and tongue, so that she might have amused Cato himself. Nor do they talk to their guests as if they were strangers, but as if they were old acquaintances.

A. Yes, I admit that the French people are very civil.

B. But since they could not be present all the time, and the business of the house had to be attended to and the other guests greeted, a girl well supplied with jokes attended us during the whole meal. She was well able to repay all jesters in their own coin. She kept the stories going until the daughter returned, for the mother was somewhat elderly.

A. But what sort of fare had you with all this? For the stomach is not filled with stories.

B. Fine! Indeed, I wonder that they can entertain guests so cheaply. Then too, after dinner they divert you with pleasant conversation, lest you should grow weary. It seemed to me I was at home, not travelling.

A. How about the sleeping accommodations?

B. Even there we were attended by girls, laughing, romping and playing; they asked us if we had any soiled clothes, washed them for us and brought them back. What more can I say? We saw nothing but women and girls, except in the stables; and even there they burst in occasionally. They embrace departing guests and send them away with as much affection as if they were all brothers or near relations.

A. Very likely such manners suit the French; as for me, the customs of Germany please me more. They are more manly.

B. I never happened to visit Germany; so tell me, I beg of you, in what manner the Germans entertain a guest.

A. I am not certain that the process is everywhere the same. I will relate what I have seen. Upon your arrival nobody greets you, lest they should seem to court a guest; for they consider that mean and unworthy of the German gravity. When you have shouted yourself hoarse, finally some one puts out his head from the window of the stove-room (for they live there up to the middle of the summer), just as a snail pokes its head out of its shell. You have to ask him if you may be entertained there. If he does not tell you no, you understand that place will be made for you. To your inquiries, with a wave of his hand, he indicates where the stables are. There you are permitted to take care of your horse as you choose; for no servant lifts a finger. If the tavern is a large one, a servant will show you the stables and a rather inconvenient place for your horse. They keep the better places for those who are to come, especially for the nobility. If you find fault with anything, you are told at once that if it does not please you, you are at liberty to hunt another tavern. In the cities it is with difficulty that you can get any hay, even a little, and then they sell it almost as dear as oats. When your horse is provided for, you go just as you are to the stove room, boots, baggage and mud. There is one room for all comers.

B. Among the French they show the guests to sleeping-rooms, where they may change their clothes, bathe and warm themselves, or even take a nap, if they please.

A. Well, there is no such thing here. In the stove-room you take off your boots and put on slippers. If you like, you change your shirt; you hang your clothes, wet with rain, against the stove; and you sit by it yourself, in order to get dry. There is water at hand if you care to wash your hands, but it is generally so clean that you have to seek more water to wash off that ablution.

B. I cannot refrain from praising men who are so little softened with the elegancies of living.

A. Even if you arrive the fourth hour after noon you cannot get your supper before the ninth, and sometimes the tenth.

B. Why is that?

A. They serve nothing until they see all the guests assembled, in order that the same effort may serve for all.

B. They have an eye to labor-saving.

A. You are right. And thus very often eighty or ninety persons are assembled in the same stove-room, footmen, horsemen, tradesmen, sailors, coachmen, farmers, boys, women, healthy people and sick people.

B. That is in truth a community of living.

A. One is combing his head, another wiping the perspiration from his face, another cleaning his winter shoes or boots, another reeks of garlic. What more could you desire? Here is no less confusion of tongue and of persons than there was once in the tower of Babel. But if they see a foreigner, who shows some evidence of distinction in his dress, they are all interested in him, and stare at him as if he were some animal from Africa. Even after they are at the table they turn their heads to get a look, and neglect their meals rather than lose sight of him.

B. At Rome, Paris and Venice no one wonders at anything.

A. Meanwhile you may not call for anything. When the evening is far advanced and no more guests are expected, an old servant appears, with gray beard, cropped head, a savage look and shabby clothes.

B. It was necessary that such should be cup-bearers to the Roman Cardinals.

A. He casts his eye about and silently reckons how many there are in the stove-room. The more there are present the more violently the stove is heated, although the weather may be uncomfortably warm outside. This is the certain indication of hospitality, that everybody should be dripping with sweat. If anyone who is not used to this steaming, should open a chink of a window, lest he be stifled, immediately he hears: "Shut it!" If you reply: "I cannot bear it!" you hear: "Then look out for another tavern!"

B. It seems to me there is nothing more dangerous than for so many persons to breathe the same air, especially when the pores are open, and then dine and stay there several hours. Not to speak of the odor of garlic and bad breaths. There are many, too, who are affected with secret diseases, and every distemper is to a certain degree infectious. Certainly many have the Spanish, or as some call it, the French evil, although it is common enough to all nations. I think there is not much less danger from these than from lepers. Just think, too, how great danger there is from the plague!

A. Oh, they are sturdy fellows. They laugh at these things.

B. But at the same time they are brave at the expense of many.

A. Well, what can you do about it? They are accustomed to it, and it is a sign of a constant mind not to depart from established customs.

B. Twenty-five years ago nothing was more common among the people of Brabant than public baths; now there is hardly one to be found, for the new ailment has taught us to avoid them.

A. But listen to the rest. The bearded Ganymede returns and spreads with linen cloths as many tables as he considers necessary for the number of guests. But heavens and earth! how far from fine are the cloths. You would say they were sail-cloths taken down from the yard-arms of a ship. He has reckoned on eight guests to each table. Those who know the custom of the country now sit down, each one where he pleases; for no distinction is made between a poor man and a rich man, between a master and a servant.

B. That is the old equality which tyranny has driven out of existence. Thus, I believe, Christ lived with his disciples.

A. Well, after all are seated, the grim Ganymede comes out and counts over his company once more. By and by he returns and sets before each guest a wooden dish and a spoon of the same kind of silver; then a glass and a little piece of bread. Each one polishes up his utensils in a leisurely way, while the porridge is cooking. And thus they sit not uncommonly for upwards of an hour.

B. Does no guest call for food in the meantime?

A. No one who is acquainted with the temper of the country. At length wine is served—good Lord, how far from being tasteless! Those who water their wine ought to drink no other kind, it is so thin and sharp. But if any guest seeks to obtain some other kind of wine, offering to pay extra for it, at first they dissemble, but with an expression as if they wished to murder you. If you insist upon it they answer that a great many counts and margraves have lodged there and none of them has complained of the quality of the wine; if it does not suit you, why then, look out for another tavern, for they look upon their noblemen as the only men of importance, and exhibit their coats of arms everywhere. Already, then, the guests have a crust to throw to their barking stomachs. By and by the dishes come on in great array. The first usually consists of pieces of bread soaked in meat-broth, or, if it be fish-day, in a broth of herbs. After this comes another kind of broth, then some kind of warmed-up meat or salt fish. Again the porridge is brought on, then some more substantial food, until, when the stomach is well tamed, they serve up roast meat or boiled fish, which is not to be despised. But here they are sparing, and take the dishes away quickly. In this way they diversify the entertainment, like play-actors who mix choruses with their scenes, taking care that the last act shall be the best.

B. This is indeed the mark of a good poet.

A. Moreover, it would be an unpardonable offense if anybody in the meantime should say: "Take away this dish; nobody cares for it." You must sit there through the prescribed time, which they measure, I suppose, with an hour-glass. At last, the bearded fellow, or the inn-keeper himself, who differs very little from the servants in his dress, comes in and asks if there is anything wanted. By and by some better wine is brought on.

They admire most him who drinks most; but although he is the greater consumer he pays no more than he who drinks least.

B. A curious people, indeed!

A. The result is that sometimes there are those who consume twice the value in wine of what they pay for the whole meal. But before I end my account of this entertainment, it is wonderful what a noise and confusion of voices arises, when all have begun to grow warm with drink. It is unnecessary to say that the riot is universal. So-called jesters thrust themselves in everywhere, and although there is no kind of human beings more despicable, yet you would scarcely believe how the Germans are pleased with them. They sing and prate, shout, dance and thump, so that the stove seems ready to fall. No one can hear another speak. But it seems to please them, and you are obliged to sit there, whether you will or not, until late into the night.

A. Now do finally finish the entertainment; for I too am worn out with the length of it.

B. Very well. When at last the cheese, which hardly pleases them unless rotten and full of worms, has been taken away, the bearded fellow comes forth, bearing a trencher in which are drawn with chalk some circles and semi-circles, and lays it upon the table, so silent, meanwhile, and sad, that you would say he was some Charon. Then they who comprehend the design lay down their money, then another and still another, until the trencher is filled. Then having observed who has contributed, he reckons it up silently; and if nothing is wanting he nods with his head.

B. What if there should be something over?

A. Perhaps he would return it. As a matter of fact, this sometimes happens.

B. Does nobody ever cry out against the reckoning as unjust?

A. Nobody who is prudent. For he would hear at once: "What sort of a fellow are you? You are paying no more than the others!"

B. This is certainly a frank kind of people you are telling about.

A. And if anybody, weary with his journey, asks to go to bed soon after supper, he is ordered to wait until the rest also go to bed.

B. I seem to see a Platonic city.

A. Then each is shown to his rest, and it is truly nothing more than a bed-chamber; for there is nothing there but a bed, and nothing else that you can use or steal.

B. Is there cleanliness?

A. Just as at dinner; linen washed six months ago, perhaps.

B. In the meantime what had become of the horses?

A. They were treated according to the same method as the men.

B. But do you get the same accommodations everywhere?

A. Sometimes more courteous, sometimes harsher than I have told you; but on the whole it is as I have said.

B. How would you like me to tell you how guests are treated in that part of Italy which is called Lombardy, or in Spain, or in England and in Wales? For the English have assimilated in part the French and in part the German customs, being a mixture of these two nations. The Welsh boast that they are the original English.

A. I should like you to tell me, for I never had occasion to see them.

B. At present I have not time, for the sailor told me to meet him at the third hour, or I should be left behind; and he has my baggage. Some other time we shall have an opportunnity of chatting to our hearts' content.

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

Ulrich von Hutten (1488–1523) was born in the castle of Steckelberg, in Franconia, of the knightly class, and was destined, on account of his slight stature and delicate health, for the church. He broke through the parental plans, however, and gave himself to a life of literary effort. Von Hutten's career was full of adventure and disorder, and lacked purpose, until his association with the Reformers turned his ardent energies into a distinct channel. With all the impetuosity of his race he took up the cudgels against the papacy. Although co-operating with Luther, von Hutten's interests were never doctrinal, but economic and political. He looked forward to a united Germany, in which the emperor, with the free knights at his back, should sweep away the territorial barriers to his power, and rid the land of the Italian yoke as well. Although he contributed much to the advancement of the Lutheran movement in its early and critical stage, yet it was well for him and for the Reformers that he passed away before the movement came to be defined. He would have had little sympathy with its doctrinal tendencies, or with that alliance with the decentralizing forces in the empire, which alone assured its success.

INSPICIENTES.[1]

(*Sol, traversing the heavens in company with Phaeton, his son, having*

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[1] (The On-lookers.) Ulrichi Hutteni equitis Germani opera. Ed. E. Böcking, Vol. IV. Lips. 1860.

finished the uphill journey, employs his leisure in discussing with his young companion the manners and customs of the Germans, over whose land his chariot is now passing. Beneath him is Augsburg, where the diet of 1518 has just been assembled, whither Caietano, legate of pope Leo X., has been sent for the purpose of adjusting a trifling controversy which has lately broken out at Wittenberg. The habitual drunkenness of the Germans has just been mentioned with regret.)

Sol. This fault is inborn with them, as deceit with the Italians, thievery with the Spaniards, pride with the French, and other vices with other peoples.

Phaeton. If indeed they must have a fault, I should rather they would have this one than those you have just mentioned. I hope, however, that time, which mends all human faults, will remove this as well. But let us turn our attention again to the Reichstag and the Pope's legate, for he (just look, father!) is moved to anger and heated with rage. Now he is shouting out something to us from his place in the procession; and I really believe that he is angry at us; for he is looking this way.

Sol. Yes, he is enraged at me. Listen, then, to what the little fellow says, as with wrinkled brow and haughty air he threatens me.

Caietan. Here, you! At my merest suggestion, not to speak of my command, you ought to shine clearer and brighter than you have been doing!

Sol. What's that you say, legate? What's that you say? Is this the way you talk to me?

Caietan. To you! As though you did not know you were guilty of a great crime!

Sol. In truth I do not. Tell me then, what evil thing have I done?

Caietan. I'll tell you then. So you are coming out a little, you rascal? You are shedding your rays upon the world? You who ought, upon my slightest hint (let alone my command) to shine clearer and brighter than you do.

Sol. I don't see yet, what evil I have done.

Caietan. You don't see? You who for ten whole days have shed no beam of your brightness; you who have obstinately wrapped yourself in clouds, as though you begrudged the world your light.

Sol. That is the fault of the astrologers and star-gazers, if it is anybody's fault, for they with their prognostications have arranged that I should not shine during this time.

Caietan. But you should have considered what would be agreeable to a legate of the pope rather than what would please the star-gazers. Don't you know what I promised you, when I left Italy, if you did not warm up the German lands, which are so unseasonably cold, and make them quite summerlike for me, so that I should have no need to wish myself back in Italy?

Sol. I paid no attention to your orders; for it has never been my opinion that mortal man could command the sun.

Caietan. It hasn't been your opinion? Perhaps you are not aware that a Roman bishop (who has in this instance endowed me with all his powers) has the power to bind and loose whate'er he will, in heaven and on earth?

Sol. I have heard of it, but I did not believe that what he claimed was true, for I have never known a mortal man to change anything up here.

Caietan. What? You do not believe it? Perverted Christian that you are, they ought to put you under the ban and hand you over to the devil for a heretic.

Sol. Would you cast me out of heaven and give me over to the devil, and, so to speak, blot the sun out of the skies?

Caietan. Indeed I will do it, if you do not quickly confess to one of my secretaries and seek absolution from me.

Sol. When I have confessed, what will you do with me then?

Caietan. I shall lay a penalty upon you, that you may hunger with fastings, or perform some difficult task, or tire yourself with pilgrimages, or give alms, or contribute something toward the Turkish war, or give money for an indulgence, wherewith the cathedral of St. Peter, which now is fallen into ruins at Rome, may be rebuilt; or if you wish to save your money, that you be scourged with rods for your sins.

Sol. That is rather severe. What will you do with me after that?

Caietan. Then I will absolve you and make you clean.

Sol. Thus, as the proverb runs, you will brighten up the sun?

Caietan. Yes, I will do that, if it please me, by virtue of the powers which the tenth Leo has conferred upon me.

Sol. What trickery do I hear! Do you mean to say, that any one, even amongst mortals, is silly enough to believe you have this power? Not to speak of the sun, that has oversight upon all. You had better go and take a dose of hellebore; for it seems to me you are losing your mind.

Caietan. "Losing my mind!" You are *de facto* under the ban; for you have spoken disrespectfully to the Pope's legate, whereby you have fallen into great and intolerable damnation. Therefore will I shortly proclaim you publicly and with all the pomp of a great assembly under the ban, because you have angered me.

Phaeton. Father, I should scorn this arrogance. What may a wretched mortal do against immortal creatures?

Sol. Let us rather treat him with contempt. He is indeed to be pitied, for he has gone mad through illness.

Phaeton. What sort of illness?

Sol. He is sick with greed. Since the matter which he has in hand in Germany will not come his way, he has fallen into a rage and lost his mind in consequence. But I am disposed to chaff him further. What say you, holy father? Would you condemn me unheard and guiltless?

Caietan. Just as I have said. It is not customary to permit all those to have a hearing, who have been condemned by the Pope and his legates.

Sol. That would be wrong, however, if anybody but you should do it. But be gracious, I beseech you, and forgive me my sins just this once.

Caietan. Now you are talking properly; for whoever will not be damned, must sue for grace. Wherefore I command you, to look out for me, wherever I may be; and now, so long as I remain in Germany, to make good weather, and by virtue of your heat to banish that cold which tortures me yet even in the month of July.

Sol. Why don't you put the cold under the ban?

Caietan. That is worth thinking of; but you attend to that which I command.

Sol. I should have done this before, but I thought that you were engaged in some secret undertaking which you did not wish these ordinary German people to see. Wherefore I feared that if I should shine brightly, and display these secrets of yours to the eyes of the people, your affairs might miscarry.

Caietan. How could you show my secret affairs to others, when you do not know them yourself?

Sol. I don't know them? Do you think I don't know that your present wish is to prevent Charles from being chosen Roman King in accordance with the desires of his subjects? That you have many other things under way, in which, if the Germans knew, they would no longer assist you, but would hate you with a deadly hatred.

Caietan. Let them hate me, for they must fear me too. I have indeed not wished to have you disclose such things. Moreover, if you do it, you are under the ban.

Sol. What a tyrant you are, to be sure!

Caietan. Furthermore, I command you that you shall direct your arrow and shoot pestilence and sudden death amongst the Germans, in order that many benefices and spiritual fiefs may become vacant, that pensions may accrue and money flow to Rome, and something of all this shall be mine. For it is now a long time since clerics have been dying frequently enough in Germany. Do you hear what I tell you?

Sol. Perfectly.

Caietan. But first of all shoot at the bishops, that the *pallia* may be bought. Then hit the provosts and the wealthy prelates, in order that the Pope's new creatures may have wherewith to live; for they must be considered each according to his rank, in order that they may want nothing.

Sol. In order that I may bring about a pestilence it will be necessary to bring on clouds, to drop a mist upon the earth and darken the atmosphere; wherefore I fear that this bad weather will displease you.

Caietan. Well, I prefer that the pestilence should take place, so that the benefices may be vacant. So far as the atmosphere is concerned, darken it as little as you may; but if you cannot avoid it, do what is best and most useful.

Phaeton. O miserable rascal! Now for the first time I perceive where the shoe pinches, what pleases and displeases him, what makes him sad, what, joyful. Let the stream flow to his desire, and he can endure all kinds of air, cold and bad weather. I will address him. Listen, wretched man. A shepherd should pasture his sheep, not murder them.

Caietan. What say you, church-thief? What say you, wicked driver? You, whom I shall crush and crunch in a moment with my curse. Will you seek to hinder my affairs!

Phaeton. Indeed, I certainly shall, if I am able. For why do you seek to kill those from whom you are forcing money in every way without this means?

Caietan. You accursed one, you malefactor, you condemned, a son of Satan, how dare you yelp against me? Is it wrong that a shepherd should shear his sheep?

Phaeton. That he should shear them is not wrong; for the good shepherds do that as well; but they do not kill and flay them. Tell that to your Pope Leo, and say to him as well, that if he does not send henceforth more temperate legates into Germany, he will some day see a conspiracy of the sheep against an unjust, harsh and bloodthirsty shepherd, and they will perhaps do a deed that is both right and merited. Already indeed they sing and talk about you, and it is my opinion that they will no longer tolerate you, not even if you should send wagons full of excommunications against them across the mountains.

Caietan. You are letting out a thing that should not be talked about. Wherefore be you excommunicated! I lay this punishment upon you for the discourteous, thoughtless talk which you have addressed to me.

Phaeton. Then I leave you, an object of derision to the Germans, whom you are in the habit of plundering; and may they drive you hence with ridicule and abuse, even handle you roughly, and so use you, that you may be an example to posterity. Scorn be upon you! Thus I punish you.

Sol. Cease with your scurrility; it is time to guide our car down the slope and make way for the evening star. Let him lie, cheat, steal, rob and plunder at his own risk.

Phaeton. The devil fly away with him! Come, then, I will prick up the steeds and get us hence.

Jacta est alea.

LETTERS OF OBSCURE MEN.[1]

Johannes Pfefferkorn, a converted Jew of Cologne, desiring to give evidence of his zeal for the Christian faith, secured from the emperor Maximilian I. an order which called for the suppression and destruction of all rabbinical writings, as hostile to Christianity. It was the belief of German humanists that Pfefferkorn was nothing more than the instrument of the Dominicans at Cologne, who sought in this manner to counteract the growing interest in the study of Hebrew. The archbishop of Mainz suspended the execution of the order until the matter could be more thoroughly investigated. Opinions regarding the value of the Hebrew writings were requested from several universities, from Jacob von Hochstraten, papal inquisitor at Cologne, and from Johann Reuchlin. Of these, Reuchlin alone went deeply into the subject. His report was favorable to the Hebrew writings as a whole, excepting certain ones which dealt in witchcraft or were abusive of Christian doctrine. These he considered worthy of extinction. In general, however, he was unfavorable to this method of combatting error, and suggested the foundation in each university of a chair of Hebrew, for the better understanding of these works. Other opinions were unfavorable, and thus Reuchlin stood alone as the champion of Hebrew lore and the defender, in this particular, of the claims of humanism.

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[1] Epistolae obscurorum virorum, Ed. Böcking, Leipzig, 1864, *passim.*

Pfefferkorn continued to be the instrument of the Cologne party. His *Handspiegel*, which he sold, with his wife's help, at the great Frankfort fair of 1511, was a violent attack upon Reuchlin, who replied in the *Augenspiegel*, which in turn elicited a *Brandspiegel* from his detractor. The controversy was seasoned on both sides with the violent abuse of the time. The faculty of Cologne condemned the *Augenspiegel* as heretical in 1513. The University of Paris followed in 1514. Reuchlin was cited before the tribunal of the inquisition, and although his case was transferred to the curia, his book was publicly burned. A commission appointed by Leo X. sat at Speier and declared Reuchlin free of heresy, adjudging the costs to Hochstraten, whereupon the inquisitor proceeded to Rome, well supplied with funds, and secured a reversal of the decision. A protest of Reuchlin suspended execution, and the matter drifted on in the curia without result.

But the case, if silenced in the ecclesiastical courts, was taken up before the bar of public opinion. Reuchlin, feeling the need of public rehabilitation, published in 1514 a book containing a selection of letters of sympathy addressed to him by men of note in the world of humanism. This was the *Clarorum virorum epistolae etc.* The title proved a source of inspiration for certain waggish scholars, humanists, and partisans of Reuchlin, whose identity even at this time is imperfectly known. In 1515 appeared at Hagenau the first series of letters, known as the *Epistolae virorum obscurorum.* The letters are addressed for the most part to Ortuin Gratius, a distinguished member of the faculty at Cologne, a man of high attainments and of ability as an author. The writers of the letters are supposed to be clergymen, at Rome and elsewhere, who seek or desire to impart information regarding the Reuchlin affair, or who appeal to Gratius to settle some point of dispute. The general effort of the letters is to expose the ignorance and baseness of the clergy and to throw ridicule upon the rank and file of the Cologne party. It is a part of the internal protest against the bigotry and shortcomings of the clergy, a protest that became schismatic only under the lead of Luther. The letters are supposed to be the work of half a dozen men; but among them the most prominent are Crotus Rubeanus (1480–1540) and Ulrich von Hutten.

MASTER JOHANNES PELLIFEX PRESENTS HIS GREETING TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Friendly greeting and endless service, most worthy Master! Since, as Aristotle says in the Categories, it is not wholly useless in certain cases to give way to doubt, I will confess that a certain thing is lying heavily on my conscience. Not long ago I was at the Frankfort fair, and, while walking along the street toward the market with a bachelor, we met two men who, to all appearances, were quite respectable; they wore black cloaks and great hoods with tassels hanging down behind. God is my witness that I believed they were two masters, and I greeted them, therefore, with reverence. Then the bachelor slapped me on the back and said: "For the love of God, what are you doing? They are Jews, and you have taken off your hat to them!" At this such a fright seized me as if I had seen the devil, and I answered: "Sir Baccalaureus, God have mercy upon me. I have done it in ignorance; so what do you think; is that a grievous sin?" Then at first he said: "According to my view it is a mortal sin, since it comes under the head of idolatry, and therefore violates the first of the ten commandments, which says, 'I believe in one God;' because, if any one honors a Jew or a heathen as if he were a Christian, he acts against Christendom, and puts himself in the position of a Jew or heathen, and then the Jews and heathen say: 'See how we are progressing, since the Christians honor us; for if we were not progressing, surely they would not honor us;' and in this way they are strengthened in their evil ways, despise the Christian faith and refuse baptism." Upon this I answered: "That is very true, if the thing be done knowingly, but I have done it unknowingly, and ignorance excuses sin; for had I known that they were Jews, and then had shown them respect, then I should have deserved the gallows, because that would be a heresy. But neither by word nor deed—God knows—had I any knowledge whatsoever, for I believed they were two masters." Then he answered: "It is nevertheless a sin," and related the following: "I too went once through a church, where a Jew, made of wood, with a hammer in his hand, stood before our Saviour. I believed, however, that it was St. Peter, and that he had the key in his hand; so I bent my knee and took off my cap. Then for the first time I saw that it was a Jew, and this made me very sad and repentant. But at confession, which I made in the Dominican convent, my father confessor told me that it was a mortal sin, since you must be on your guard. He would not have been able to give me absolution if he had not had episcopal powers, for it was a case reserved to the bishop; he also added that if I had done it intentionally, it would have been a case for the pope. So I was absolved because he had episcopal powers. And, really, I believe that if you would keep your conscience clear, you must confess to the officer of the consistory. Ignorance cannot excuse your sin, for you should have taken care. The Jews have always a yellow ring on the front of their cloaks, which you certainly ought to have seen, for I saw it; so it is gross ignorance on your part, and cannot effect forgiveness of sins.'' Thus reasoned in my case this bachelor. But, since you are a deeply-read theologian, I want to ask you earnestly and humbly that you will solve the above question for me, and write me whether it is a question here of a mortal or venial sin; whether it is a simple case, or an episcopal, or a papal reserved case. Also write me whether, according to your view, the citizens of Frankfort do right that they permit, in this wise, Jews to go about in the garb of our masters. It seems to me that it is not right, and likely to arouse great bitterness, that there should be no distinction between the Jews and our masters; also, it is a mockery of the sacred theology, and the most excellent Emperor and lord ought not to permit that a Jew, who is at the best only a dog and an enemy of Christ, should go about like a doctor of the sacred theology. I also send you a composition of Master Bernhard Plumilegus (in common language, Federleser), which he has sent to me from Wittenberg. You know him, for he was your fellow scholar at Deventer. He told me that you had jolly times together; he is a good fellow and cannot praise you enough. Then farewell, in the Lord's name. Given at Leipzig.

NICOLAUS CAPRIMULGIUS, BACCALAUREUS, TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Many greetings, with deep respect to your excellence, as is my duty in writing to your Mastership. Most worthy Master, you must know that there is a most important question, in regard to which I desire and beseech a decision from your Mastership. There is here a certain Greek who, when he writes Greek, always puts accents over the words. Recently I had occasion to say: ''Master Ortuin, from Deventer, also dealt with Greek grammar, and understood it quite as well as this man, and he never wrote the accents, and I know that he understood what he was doing quite as well as this man, and could have excelled the Greek if he had desired.'' But the others would not believe me, and my comrades and colleagues besought me to write your lordship that you might instruct me as to how it ought to be, whether you ought to put the accents there or not. If not, then we will make it so hot for the Greek that he will feel it, and we will bring it about that he shall have few listeners. I remember to have seen, when I was with you in Cologne at the house of Heinrich Quentel, where you were proof-reader and had to correct Greek, that you drew your pen through all accents that stood above the letters, with these words: ''What is this foolishness?'' And so it occurred to me that you had some reason for this, otherwise you would not have done it. You are a marvellous man, and God has imparted to you the great grace to know something of everything knowable. Therefore, you must give thanks to God the Lord, to the blessed Virgin and to all God's saints in your poetry. Take it not evil of me that I trouble your excellence with questions of this nature, since I do it for my instruction. Farewell. *Leipzig*.

MASTER JOHANNES HIPP TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, GREETING.

''Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just: praise becometh the upright'' (Psalms xxxii. 11). In order that you may not say in anger, ''What does he want with his quotation?'' you must hasten to read a piece of joyful news, which will wonderfully rejoice your excellence and which I will briefly relate. There was here a poet, by name Johannes Sommerfeld; he was very arrogant, looked down upon masters of arts and made little of them in his lectures, saying that they were ignorant, that one poet was worth ten masters, and that in processions it was proper that poets should have precedence over masters and licentiates. He lectured on Pliny and other authors, and expressed himself to the effect that the masters of arts were not masters of the seven liberal arts, but rather of the seven deadly sins; that they stood upon no good foundation, since they were not learned in poetics, but knew only Petrus Hispanus and the *Parva logicalia*. He had many listeners, and among them noble bursars, and he said there was nothing in the Scotists and the Thomists, and made sport of the holy teachers. The masters waited for convenient opportunity to avenge themselves, with the help of God, and it was the divine will that he held a discourse wherein he scored masters, doctors, licentiates and bachelors, praised his own branch and spoke slightingly of the holy theology. In this manner he aroused great anger on the part of the gentlemen of the faculty. The masters and doctors took counsel and said: "What shall we do? This man is behaving in a shocking manner; if we let him go on in this way the world will believe he is more learned than we. Let not these upstarts come and say they are of more importance than their elders, and in this way bring shame and ridicule upon our university." Then said Master Andreas Delitzsch, who, moreover, is a good poet, that it seemed to him that Sommerfeld was, in respect to the university, somewhat like the fifth wheel to a wagon, because he stood in the way of the other faculties, by whose aid the academic youth might be suitably prepared for graduation. The other masters swore that this was so, and the result was that they came to the conclusion that this poet should be expelled, or, at least, shut out, even if thereby they should draw upon themselves his enmity. They summoned him before the rector, and posted the summons on the church doors; he appeared with counsel, demanded the privilege of defending himself, and was accompanied with other friends, who stood by him. The masters demanded that these should retire, otherwise they would be forsworn if they appeared against the university. Indeed, the masters showed themselves full of courage in this struggle; they remained firm, and vowed that in the interests of justice they would spare no one. Certain jurists and courtiers plead for him. To these the masters replied that it was not possible; they had their statutes, and according to these statutes he must be dismissed. What was remarkable is, that the prince himself (Duke George) interceded for him. It did no good, however, for they said to the Duke that it was his duty to uphold the statutes of the university, for the statutes are to the university what the binding is to a book; were there no binding, then the leaves would fall apart, and were there no statutes there would be no order in the university; dissension would reign amongst its members and result in complete chaos. Therefore, the prince must look out for the best interests of the university, as his father had done before him. In this wise the prince allowed himself to be persuaded, and declared he could not stand out against the university, and that it was better for one to be dismissed than that the whole university should suffer. The masters were much pleased with this, and said: "My lord Duke, God be thanked for your wise decision." Then the rector caused an order to be posted upon the church doors, to the effect that Sommerfeld was retired for ten years. His auditors, however, expressed themselves variously in the matter, and said that the members of the council had done wrong toward Sommerfeld; but these gentlemen replied in turn that they did not care a penny's worth. Certain bursars expressed themselves to the effect that Sommerfeld would revenge himself for the insult and would summon the university before the Roman curia. Then the masters laughed and said: "Nonsense; what would the fellow accomplish?" And know that great harmony now reigns in the university, and Master Delitzsch lectures on the humanities, and also the master from Rothenburg, who has written a book quite three times as large as Virgil's complete works. He has gotten together much of value in this book in defence of our holy mother church and in praise of the saints; he has recommended especially our university, both the sacred theology and the humanistic faculty, and he blames those worldly and heathen poets. The masters also say that his poems are as good as the poems of Virgil, and are without errors; for he perfectly understands the art of writing verse and has been a good versifier for the past twenty years. Wherefore, the gentlemen of the council gave him permission to lecture on this book instead of on Terence, for it is more valuable than Terence, and inculcates good Christian doctrine, and does not deal with harlots and scalawags, like Terence. You must spread this news in your university, and perhaps it will happen to Busch as it has happened to Sommerfeld. When are you going to send me your book against Reuchlin? You often mention it, but nothing has come to me yet. You have written me you would be sure to send it, but you have not done so. May God forgive you, since you do not love me as I love you, for you are to me as my own heart. But send it to me, for "I have greatly desired to eat this Paschal lamb with you"—that is to say, to read this book. Also write me the news, and compose an essay or a few verses to my honor, if I be worth the trouble. Fare you well in Christ the Lord our God, from everlasting unto everlasting! Amen.

BROTHER SIMON WURST, DOCTOR OF SACRED THEOLOGY, TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, GREETING.

Since the defence of Johannes Pfefferkorn "against the calumnies, etc.," which he composed in Latin has been received here, we have had something new every day. One says this, another that; one is for him, another for Reuchlin; one defends, another condemns him; it is a desperate struggle, and they are angry enough to come to blows. If I should relate to you all the feuds that have arisen out of this book, the period of an Olympiad would not suffice, so I will merely make a few remarks by the way. The majority, and for the most part the worldly masters, the presbyters and brethren of the Minorites assert that Pfefferkorn could not possibly be the author of the book, for he has never learned a word of Latin. I replied that this objection had no force, although it has been urged against many prominent men to this very day, but unjustly; for Johannes Pfefferkorn, who always carries pen and ink with him, could write down what he hears, whether it be in public lectures, or in private assemblies, or when students or brethren from the Dominican order come to his house, or when he goes to the bath. Holy Lord, how many sermons must he have heard during twelve years! How many admonitions! How many quotations from the holy fathers! These he might retain in his memory, or he might communicate them to his wife, or write them on the wall, or enter them in his diary. In the same way I called attention briefly to the fact that Johannes Pfefferkorn says of himself—not with boasting—that he can apply to any theme, be it good or evil, everything that is contained in the Bible, or in the Holy Scriptures, either in Hebrew or in German; and he knows by heart all the evangels that are expounded the whole year through, and can say them off to a letter, a thing which those jurists and poets cannot do. Moreover, he has a son, Lorenz by name, a really talented young man, who is pale as a ghost from nothing but study; and, indeed, I wonder that his father allows him to pursue his studies with those devilish poets. This son collects for his father sentences from the orators and poets upon every possible subject, as well those which he himself uses as those used by his teachers, and he also knows how to cite his Hugh. And thus Johannes Pfefferkorn has come to know much by means of this talented youth; and what he, as an unlearned man, is not able to accomplish of himself, his son does for him. Therefore, woe to all those who have spread abroad the false report that he did not himself write his books, but that the doctors and masters in Cologne are the true authors! Johannes Reuchlin has reason to blush and to sigh to eternity for having said that Johannes Pfefferkorn did not himself compose his "*Handspiegel*," whereby it has been contended amongst learned men that three men furnished him with the authorities which he cited. Whereupon a certain one said: "Who are those men?" I answered: "I do not know. I believe, however, that they are the same three men who appeared to Abraham, as we read in the first book of Moses." And when I had spoken they laughed at me and treated me as if I were a simpleton. I wish the devil would strike them with a plague, as is written in the book of Job, which we are now reading at table in our monastery. Say, then, to Johannes Pfefferkorn, he must have patience, for I hope that God will work a miracle; and greet him in my name. Also greet for me his wife, since you know her well, but secretly. Farewell. Written in haste and without much reflection, at Antwerp.

MASTER BERTHOLD HÄCKERLING TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

Brotherly love in the place of greeting, honored sir! When I left you I promised that I would keep you informed of all news, and let you know how I am getting along. Know, then, that I have been two months in the city of Rome and have as yet secured no patron. An assessor of the Roman curia was disposed to take me. I was quite delighted, and said: "It is well, sir, but will your magnificence kindly tell me what I shall have to do." He answered that I would be an hostler, and my duty would be to take care of a mule, to feed and water it, curry and rub it down, and have it in readiness when he wished to ride forth, with bridle, saddle and everything. Then I must run beside the mule to the court-room and back home again. I told him that such work was not for me; that I was a master of the liberal arts in Cologne, and could do nothing of the sort. He answered: "Well, if you don't want to do it, it's your own loss." And so I believe I will go back home. I certainly will not curry a mule or clean out stables. I had rather the devil would fly away with his mule, stable and all! And I believe, too, that it would be against the statutes of our university; for a master must conduct himself like a master. And it would be a great disgrace to the university if a Cologne master should do such a thing. For the honor of the university I shall return home. And, anyway, I do not like Rome; the people in the chancellery and in the curia are so haughty; you would not believe it. One of them said to me yesterday, he would spit upon Cologne masters. I told him I hoped he might have a chance to spit on the gallows. Then he said he too was a master, that is to say a master of the curia, and that a master of the curia stood high above a master of the liberal arts from Germany. I answered: "Impossible;" and said, moreover, "You mean to say you are as good as I, when you have passed no examination, as I have, in which five masters have tested me thoroughly? You are a master made with a seal." Upon this he began to dispute with me, and said: "What is a master?" I answered: "A person of proved ability, regularly promoted and graduated in the seven liberal arts, after he has passed the master's examination; who has the right to wear a gold ring, and a silken band on his gown, and who bears himself toward his pupils as a king toward his subjects. And *magister* is used in four senses: In one sense it is derived from *magis* and *ter*, because a master knows three times as much as an ordinary person. In the second sense from *magis* and *terreo*, because a master excites terror when his pupils look upon him. In the third sense from *magis* and *theron* (that is, *status*), because the master in his position must be higher than his pupils. In the fourth sense from *magis* and *sedere*, because the master must sit far higher than any one of his pupils." Then he asked me: "Who is your authority?" I answered that I had read it in the *Vade mecum*. At once he was disposed to blame the book, and said that it was no reliable source. I answered: "You discredit those ancients, and yet you do not know any better. I have never heard any one in Cologne discredit this book. Are you not ashamed of yourself?" And in great anger I left him. And once more I tell you that I am disposed to return to Germany, for there the masters are gentlemen, and rightly so. This I can show from the gospels, for Christ called Himself "Master" and not "Doctor" when He said, "Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye do well, for such am I." But I cannot write further, for I have no more paper, and it is far to the Campo Fiore. Farewell! Written at the Roman curia.

MASTER CONRADUS UNCKEBUNCK TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS, MANY GREETINGS.

"A mouth have they and speak not; eyes have they and see not; ears have they and hear not," says the Psalmist. These words may serve as introduction and as text for what I am about to say. Master Ortuin has a mouth and speaks not; not even so much as to say to a servant of the curia on his way to Rome: "Give my regards to Conrad Unckebunck." Eyes has he also and sees not: for I have written him many letters and he has not answered me, as if he read them not, or merely glanced at them. In the third place he has ears and hears not: for I have asked several friends to greet him when they came where he was; but he has heard none of my greetings, for he has not answered them. In this you clearly do wrong, for I am fond of you and you ought to be fond of me in return; but you are not, for you do not write me. I should be so glad if you would write me, for when I read your letters my inmost heart rejoices. I have heard, however, that you have few hearers, and that your complaint is that Busch and Cæsarius have drawn the scholars away from you; and yet they do not understand how to expound the poets allegorically, as you do, nor how to quote the holy writ. I believe the devil is in those poets. They are the ruin of all universities. I heard a Leipzig master, who has been a master for thirty-six years, say that in his younger days that university was in a flourishing condition, because there was no poet for twenty miles round about. And he also said that the students diligently prepared their lessons, as well the general as the professional, and it was reckoned a great disgrace if a student went through the streets without his *Petrus Hispanus* or the *Parva logicalia* under his arm; and if they were students of grammar they carried the *Partes* of Alexander, or the *Vade mecum*, or the *Exercitium puerorum*, or the *Opus minus*, or the *Dicta* of Johannes Sinthen. Moreover, in the schools they gave attention and held the masters of arts in honor, and when they saw a master they were as frightened as if they had seen the devil. And he said that the bachelor's degree was conferred four times a year, and that on each occasion sixty, or at least fifty, degrees were given. At that time the university was flourishing; if any one passed in half the subjects of a year's course he received the bachelor's degree, and if he passed in half the subjects for three years, a master's degree; the result was that their parents were satisfied and willing to spend their money, for they saw that their sons were attaining to honors. But now students wished to hear Virgil and Pliny and other new-fangled authors, and when they have listened for five years, even then they are not graduated; and when they go back home their parents ask: "What are you?" and they reply that they are nothing, but that they have studied poetry. But their parents do not know what that is; and when they see that they are not grammarians, they are dissatisfied with the university and regret having spent their money. And they say to others later on: "Do not send your boys to the university, because they study nothing, but hang about the streets by night, and the money is wasted which is given for study." And this master told me further, that in his time there were quite two thousand students in Leipzig and as many at Erfurt, and at Vienna four thousand and as many at Cologne, and so on at the other universities. But now at all the universities together there are not as many students as formerly at one or two. The Leipzig masters bewail the lack of students, for the poets have done them this injury. When parents send their sons to the bursaries and colleges they are unwilling to remain there, but go to the poets and study worthless stuff. He told me also that he himself formerly had forty pupils at Leipzig, and when he went to church, or to market, or to stroll in the Rosengarten, they marched along behind him. It was then a serious offense to study poetry; and when any one acknowledged in the confessional that he had secretly heard a bachelor expound Virgil, the priest imposed a severe penalty upon him, causing him to fast every Friday or to repeat each day seven penitential psalms. And he swore to me upon his conscience that a candidate for the master's degree had been turned down because one of the examiners had once seen him, on a holiday, reading Terence. If such conditions obtained nowadays in the universities, I should not be slaving here in the curia. But what can we do at the universities? There is nothing to be made. The bursars are no longer willing to stay in the bursaries or under the masters, and among twenty students scarcely one has any intention of studying for a degree; but all wish to study the humanities. And when a master lectures, he has no hearers; but the poets have at their lectures an incredible number of hearers. Thus, all the universities of Germany are losing; and we must pray to God that the poets may die, for "it is better that one should die," etc.; that is to say, that the poets, of whom there are only a few in each university, should die, rather than that so many universities should perish. Write me now, or I will complain loudly of your negligence. Farewell. Written at Rome.

JOHANNES KALB TO MASTER ORTUIN GRATIUS.

A friendly greeting, honorable sir and venerable master. It surprises me greatly that you are always pestering me with your everlasting demand: "Write me some news." You are always eager to learn the news, but I have other things to do. I cannot bother about novelties; as it is, I am obliged to run hither and thither and solicit in order to get a favorable decision and acquire that benefice. But if you will be content, I will write you once, so that in the future you may let me rest with your news. You have no doubt heard that the pope has a great animal, called Elephant, and that he holds it in great honor and loves it much. Now you must know that this animal is dead. When it was taken sick the pope was in great distress, and summoned several physicians and said to them: "If it is possible, cure Elephant for me." Then they did their best; made a careful diagnosis and administered a purge that cost five hundred golden florins, but it was in vain, for the animal died. The pope grieved much for Elephant. They say he gave a thousand ducats for Elephant; for it was a wonderful animal, and had a long snout of prodigious size. When it beheld the pope it knelt before him and cried with a terrible voice, "bar! bar! bar!" I believe there was no other animal of the kind in the world. They say, also, that the king of France and King Charles have concluded a peace for many years with mutual pledges. Many, however, are of the opinion that the peace was made with reservations and will not last long. I do not know what the facts really are, and do not care much; for when I come back to Germany I shall go to my pastorate and enjoy life. I have there many geese, chickens and ducks, and I can keep five or six cows, which will give me milk, so that I can make cheese and butter. I want to have a cook who understands such work. She must be an elderly woman; for if she were young, she would be a temptation to the flesh, and I might sin. She must also know how to spin, for I will buy her flax. And I will also keep two or three pigs and fatten them, so that I shall have plenty of pork; for above all things I will supply my house with an abundance of material for the kitchen. Once in a while I will butcher an ox, sell half to the peasants and smoke the rest. Back of the house I have a garden, where I shall plant garlic, onions and parsley, and I shall also have cabbage, turnips and other things. In the winter I shall sit in my room and study, so that I may preach to the peasants out of the *Sermones parati* or the *Discipuli*, and also out of the Bible, and in this wise I shall be well fixed for preaching. And in summer I shall go fishing, or work in the garden, and take no heed of wars; for I shall live for myself, read my prayers and say mass, and have no care for those worldly affairs which bring destruction to the soul. Farewell. Written at the Roman curia.

JOHANNES BUTZBACH.[1]

Johannes Butzbach, 1478–1526, is to be reckoned among the conservative humanists of the sixteenth century. The struggles of his earlier career, related in part below, give evidence of his high appreciation of the value of learning. This sentiment he never lost, and during the years of his administration of the affairs of the abbey of Laach, from 1507 to his death, his constant effort was to infuse into the life of his community a zeal for study and intellectual improvement. His literary activity centered upon the much debated question, as to whether the reading of classical authors was conducive or detrimental to Christian morals. Butzbach, true to the traditions of Deventer, affirmed their utility, regarding their use as part of the preparation for the completer understanding of the holy scriptures, whose true significance might only be interpreted by men of universal culture. Replying to the objection, so often urged, that classical writings contained much that was contrary to Christian ethics, Butzbach founded his argument upon the saying of St. Basil, that the literary worker, like the bee, should learn to appropriate only the wholesome nectar and to reject the poisonous juices of the flowers amidst which he labored.

Book I. Chapter 8.

In the earlier chapters Butzbach relates the story of his infancy and primary education. His career in the school of his native town was brought to an untimely close by repeated acts of truancy, resulting in a cruel chastisement at the hands of the master. About this time a neighbor's son, himself a wandering student, happened to be visiting at home, and offered to take the young Johannes under his protection and make a scholar of him. The

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[1] The following selections are from the *Hodoporicon* or Little Book of Wandering. The sole manuscript of this autobiographical work of Butzbach is in possession of the library of Bonn.

parents, who resented Johannes' cruel treatment at the village master's hands, consented, and Johannes set forth with a slender store of money and a large equipment of blessings and hope.

Robbed of my parents and homeless, a living image of grief and sorrow, sobbing and crying aloud ceaselessly, I followed with hesitating steps the student striding on before. If I failed at any time to come to his bidding, he became ever freer with his harsh words and bitter reproaches as the way lengthened that separated us from home. In this way he wounded still more my lacerated spirit. Indeed, he was by nature of unusual harshness; and the less cause he had to fear my escape, on account of the growing distance from home and my increasing ignorance of the way, the more he sought to hold me in check with fear and at the same time to spur me on with threats. After a march of two good miles, which indeed was no trifle, as they say, especially as in this instance they separated two creatures inspired with mutual love, we came from Miltenberg at nightfall to the village of Külsheim, already mentioned. Wearily I followed the student into the best inn that the place afforded.

Chapter 9.

As we entered the door of the inn, the landlord came forward to meet us, and very prudently inquired from what country we were come, whither we were bound and what might be our wish. The student gave him little satisfaction, but asked him if he could accommodate us. To this the landlord replied: "If your money is good, and you are good drinkers, you will be welcome guests." The student rejoined: "The money is all right. Just have the table prepared and an abundance to eat and drink set forth." "You talk well," replied the landlord, "and I will do with pleasure what you ask. I wish, however, that there were more of you; for, hoping that guests would arrive, I have prepared a more than usually sumptuous meal for this evening." When the student heard this he exclaimed: "That is a piece of good fortune, that you have prepared such abundant refreshment. I have here several relatives, with whom I shall be glad to pass a merry evening once more before my departure; and since they are in service and not well-to-do, I will pay the whole reckoning, and you may rest easy on that score." "A bargain!" cried the landlord. "I will have them summoned at once."

The guests did not keep us waiting, but set themselves to the table and showed themselves valiant trenchermen. The student took no heed of what might become of his poor little companion. When the landlord inquired: "Where is the young fellow that came with you?" the student looked about him and replied: "I think he must have gone to sleep there behind the stove, tired out with the journey. Let him sleep and rest out. Sleep will do him more good than food."

Chapter 10.

I was not asleep, however, as he said; but I dared not express the feelings his words aroused. During the day, occupied with preparations for the journey, I had eaten very little, nor had I desired to eat. Now I was hungry, but I dared not come to the table without an invitation from the student. At the same time the gnawing in my stomach and the pangs of hunger let me neither sleep nor rest. I pretended to sleep, however, and surrendered myself patiently to my fate, picturing to myself my wretched and abandoned condition. When the meal was over, the student paid the reckoning for all the guests out of my money, just as though it had been his own. What could I say? What had I the courage to do or think under the circumstances? He regarded me as something delivered over to him, sold to him, indeed, or as some estray that he had picked up and made his property.

Early in the morning we got under way and came to the town of Bishofsheim, two miles distant. There we took a bite and wandered on our way to Windsheim, an imperial city. As we entered the town I was lost in admiration of the massive walls, the houses high as the heavens, and the churches and towers, the like of which I had never seen in our native town or elsewhere.

On the following day we journeyed further and came to the city of Longenzenn. Here we were affectionately received by a citizen of the town, a weaver, who not long before had worked for several years with my father. By him we were entertained and otherwise hospitably treated. We conveyed to him the heartfelt greetings of our parents, as they had urgently requested. He consoled me for the separation from my parents as if I had been his own child, and succeeded in quieting my grief. He never tired of cheering my saddened spirit with friendly conversation;

nor did he cease to soothe my wounded heart with gentle words, and cleverly cited as an example the fact that he, and my father as well, and many other persons, both of the worldly and of the spiritual order, of whom I knew, had been obliged to endure much in foreign countries, in order to learn something. The next morning, refreshed and consoled, he set me upon my way, once more urgently commending me to the student's care. Thence I wandered on with my little pack, along the hard and weary and unknown way, trotting ever along behind the student, to Nuremberg, a famous seat of trade and industry.

Chapter II.

When at last I saw from the distance the towers and the blue smoke of Nuremberg, it almost seemed to me that I was looking, not at a single city, but at a whole world. I thought we had only a mile to go; but when we inquired of some people whom we met on the road how far it was, they replied that it was still three miles. It was not so much the distance as our impatient desire to reach the city, whose image lay before us on the horizon, that made the way so unwelcome. In order to while away the time, the student related some incidents tending to exalt his individual prowess. A song or a story generally causes the wanderer to forget the tedium of the way. When toward evening we finally approached the city, we halted a little while under the walls, to prepare us for our entrance into the town. The student sought to spoil my expectations with his witticisms: "Since you have never been here before," he said among other things, "it will be necessary to sew up your mouth." When the tears rose in my eyes at this remark, he added: "Now follow me close behind and do not keep looking to this side and to that; and do not gape at the house-tops with open mouth. And look out that I do not have to wait for you ever now and then in the street, on account of your everlasting slowness, or when we come to the inn you will get a good thrashing."

So I slunk into the city all of a tremble, exhausted with the effort of keeping up with my companion. With very tired and bruised feet I followed the student through many streets paved with sharp stones, while from all sides crowds of school-boys fell upon me. Because I gave no answer to their shout: "Are you a student?" they held their hands to their foreheads, stretched out like asses' ears, and followed me in this manner all the way to the inn. When they learned, however, that we intended to stop in the city, they ceased from further persecutions and began extolling with fulsome praises their school above all other schools in the land.

(*Here follow various adventures of travel.*)

Chapter 16.

When we arrived at a village, he sent me on to beg, and waited for me at the further end of the place. If I came back with empty hands, he beat me furiously and cried: "Aha! by Heavens, I will teach you to beg yet!" If, however, I had succeeded in getting something choice, he devoured it at once, and I got only what remained. So it went on the whole time that I stayed with him. Indeed, he was so suspicious that he often forced me to rinse my mouth with water and spit it out, that he might see if I had perhaps appropriated something good from my begging; for it often happened that kindly women, moved by my modesty and my delicate youth, took me from the street into their houses, and when they had listened to the story of my misery and of my sad parting from my parents, they were moved with pity and gave me as rich refreshment as their own children enjoyed. This dissatisfied the student greatly, on account of his envious nature, and as often as it came to his knowledge that such a piece of fortune had happened to me in his absence, he fell upon me with fist and stick.

Chapter 17.

He compelled me to beg through places so foul and muddy, that I was obliged to wade up to my ankles, sometimes up to my knees in mud, and like one who treads dough, could go neither forward nor backward. Sometimes I was attacked so savagely by watch-dogs that I believe, if the inhabitants had not come to my rescue, I should have been torn to pieces. The student himself had a great dislike for begging and did not practice it, recognizing that he would be laughed at by the peasant people as a great lazy rascal, and he did not care to soil himself with the mud, which he knew was very deep in these places during the rainy weather. Moreover, in order not to be bothered by the dogs, it was his habit to go around the villages through the fields and meadows, a thing which he could not permit me to do, by reason of my begging. This custom he adopted on the other side of

Nuremberg, and held rigidly to it until we came nearly to the town of Kaaden in Bohemia, and afterwards during the whole of the remaining time that I was with him on the journey.

In Kaaden we were invited by the rector of the school to take up our residence, and received one room for us both in the bursary. Shortly thereafter came two wandering students from Vienna with their *schützen*, and were shown into quarters with us. During the day, or at least what was left of the day, after the public lesson, the chorus and the begging, I stayed in our cell, but during the night we young *schützen*, as many as there were of us, used to remain in the common room, on account of the cold, and sleep on a wooden platform over the stove. Once I fell off the platform, and although I did quite as much injury to my head as to the stove, nevertheless I was thought to deserve a severe censure on account of the damage I was guilty of.

Chapter 24.

(*After further adventures in Bohemia they came to Eger, where they secured positions in the houses of certain wealthy citizens, acting as tutors and companions to the sons of these citizens, and receiving board and lodging in return.*)

The student was overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune. My own, however, which seemed to him even better, aroused his envy and anger. "It is not becoming," he said, "that a *schütze* like you should be so quickly promoted among strangers, and see better times than I myself;" and since he had no longer any need, on account of his new position, of my services in begging, he handed me over to two other big students, for whom I was to forage during the winter. I complained of this to the lad who had been entrusted to me, and he told his parents, whereupon they advised me to come home with their son immediately after school and let the others go. After I had done this a few times, against the commands of the student, he caught me one day as we were coming from school, and together with his companions dragged me to their quarters, where they tore the clothes from my body, beat me for a long time with rods upon my naked skin, and then left me tied in the room in the severe cold until the next day. Next morning he asked me if I was disposed to attend to my duties with the students, and I made haste to answer that I was. Then he unbound me, turned me over to his companions with threats and curses, and went his way to his dwelling.

Chapter 25.

Thus was my lad obliged to go to school alone that morning. When he learned what had happened to me, he hastened to acquaint his parents with the facts. The following evening, when we had returned from school, I related to them, at their request, all that had taken place, and they were much moved with compassion for me. They ordered me to remain in the house, to await whatever might occur. The student, however, when he became aware, both from the complaints of his fellow-students, to whom he had sold me, and from my absence as well, of what had transpired, fell into a great rage, and came the following morning to our house, together with a great company of students and *schützen*. They succeeded in making their way up to the upper story, where we were, when the father opposed them with weapons in his hands, let drive at them promiscuously, and drove them out of the house and court-yard, calling after them that they should not presume again to enter there.

But alas for me! After this occurrence I knew not which way to turn. I had the courage neither to go to school nor even to run an errand out of doors, because my students sent me word that they would tear me into pieces, if they could catch me anywhere. Out of fear I gave up school, fled secretly from the city and betook me to the baths.[1] There I served the guests at an inn until the new year, when I was kidnaped by a Bohemian noble.

Thus was I forced, through the cruelty of my student, to give up school and the study of the sciences, since I could no longer endure his godless treatment of me; I, who had been so urgently recommended to him by my parents. Neither of us has met the other face to face since that time, nor have I ever learned what became of him. At the baths, however, I came across two *schützen*, who formerly had shared my room in the bursa at Kaaden, and they related that their students had been hanged for theft, committed at some place or other. Then the thought came to me, that something of the kind might have happened to mine. If this ever came to pass at a later time—which indeed I should not wish to happen—at least it was not necessary that he should have degenerated, for his father came to the gallows at home on account of theft. In the meantime I have heard, that after my departure he came once into the neighborhood of our native place, but did not enter the town, both on account of his shame, because his father had been hanged, and because he had lost me. His friends, to whom he contrived to send word secretly, went out to him, and with them my people, who had learned of his coming. When he was unable to answer their pressing inquiries as to where he had left me, and became involved in even greater contradictions, he took the first opportunity of getting away from them, and from that day to this he has never shown himself at our home.

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[1] Carlsbad.

Behold, you have before you all the misery to which I was exposed from my seventh to my twelfth year under the schoolmaster's rod, and you have seen what fidelity that wretched student, after all the careful recommendations of my parents, exhibited toward me in the midst of strangers. May the almighty God forgive him for that which he has done. Amen.

(*The Second Book of Butzbach's narrative contains an account of his adventures among the heretics of Bohemia, during which his school experiences were wholly interrupted. He succeeded finally in returning home, where he found opportunity of resuming his studies under more favorable conditions.*)

Book III. Chapter 8.

While occupied with the duties and exercises of a lay brother,[1] my inclination toward the higher functions of the brethren grew apace, and I deeply bewailed my misfortune, that I had been obliged to give up my studies. This did not escape the attention of the younger brethren, who had but recently come from the schools, and they secretly advised me to betake myself to Deventer. There was in our convent an elderly monk, Peter Schlarp by name, a very diligent and learned man, who gave me a letter of introduction to the rector of the high school at Deventer, Alexander Hegius.

Fortified with this letter I set out, although the abbot interposed some objections, and expressed himself as having no confidence in my success. In the preliminary examinations I was unable to answer the questions put to me, but because they were so astonished at the good and correct Latin of my letter of introduction I was put into the seventh grade, where I set out to master the rudiments of grammar, along with the little boys. But through want, hunger and cold I came into such distress that I was obliged again to give up the studies I had undertaken. With a few comrades, upon whose advice I acted, I left the place. Two noble lords, Johann G——, who afterwards died of the pest, and his brother Frederick, who is still living, interceded for me, and I was taken back into the cloister, although previous to this I had laid aside the garb and entered the cloister of Eberbach, unmindful of the commands of the abbot to return. This cloister is said to have been founded by St. Bernard at the time when he was in that region as imperial legate. Thus I received a second time the habit of the order, and a further departure, or a continuance of my studies, was no more to be thought of.

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[1] Butzbach had been accepted as lay brother in the monastery of St. John the Baptist at Johannisberg.

In a quiet way I had about reconciled myself to remaining here forever, when it happened one day that I had occasion to accompany the abbot to Frankfort. Here we encountered my mother. She had heard that I was already a "Lollard," had sought me in the cloister and had followed us with a heart full of sorrow. The whole day she interceded with the abbot, praying that she might be permitted to send me once more to school. But the abbot was not to be moved with the most urgent entreaty. When my mother saw that she could accomplish nothing in this way, she gave me money secretly and made me promise that upon our return I should leave the cloister, even against the abbot's will.

Chapter 9.

We returned to our cloister. I had not the courage to beg for permission to go forth. Already I was thoroughly reconciled to remaining in my humble condition. Then it happened that the abbot, disturbed in his heart by the woman's entreaty, came of his own accord to me. He spoke to me kindly, and said that I might undertake that which according to my knowledge and conscience seemed the better thing to do. All abashed at his graciousness, I confessed my fervent love for the sciences, and the desire, which had always animated my soul, to attain to the higher grades of the order.

Then the abbot said: "Go hence in the name of the Lord and remain ever steadfast in thy good resolve. Thy mother's wish shall be fulfilled. Go with zeal and endurance to thy studies and complete them; then come hither and the order will be open to thee.''

So for the third time I left the cloister and betook myself to my native town. I was a welcome guest with all my acquaintances; and when the people heard that I was going once more to school, there were certain masters who applauded my resolve and wished me luck. Others, on the contrary, thought I was too old and laughed at me. But my father expressed no little joy at the prospect, and gave me at once the money for the journey. Five guilders he gave me. Moreover he knew that my mother had still a very beautiful piece of money, which she had received from Hillig when he became engaged to her, and he urgently demanded I should have that too. But my mother was unwilling to give it up, and intended, without my father's knowledge, to give me another guilder in its place. Thereupon a serious quarrel ensued between them, the result of which was that my mother was soundly beaten and her hair severely pulled. When I saw that, I threw down my pack and the rest of my money, and with my brothers and sisters rushed to my mother's aid, against my father. I succeeded in dragging her from under his feet. Weeping bitterly, I left the house, and registered with myself a vow that after such occurrences I would never again set foot in any school, nor would I even go back to the cloister. Meanwhile my father's anger had subsided, and when he came back once more to his senses, unable to endure the stings of conscience, he ran through the village in search of me. When at last he found me, he begged me, in the agony of his spirit, not to abandon my design. I might forgive him his offence, since he had done wrong through his effort to further my plans. I should be reconciled and go on with my undertaking, which had given him so much pleasure. Thereupon he handed me the guilder obtained with so many blows, and I accepted it for the sake of peace, meaning secretly to return it to my mother at a later opportunity, when she accompanied me to the boat.

Finally, I tore myself away. Our boat sailed down the Main and onwards down the Rhine. We changed masters both at Mainz and Cologne. Unusually favorable winds filled our sails, and after nine days we landed at Deventer. Again I was examined by the rector, and put into the eighth grade. There I sat beside six other grown-up schoolmates, who in consequence of an insurrection had taken to study through fear; because a few days before our arrival a mob of seven thousand insurgents, who held a city in siege, had been overwhelmed by the Bishop of Maestricht and the Duke of Gueldres. A hundred of them had been condemned to death. These were executed on the day of my arrival and on the two days preceding, and I saw them still lying on the wheels. Of these schoolmates just mentioned, who entered upon their studies more out of fear than from any thirst for knowledge, only a few were steadfast. For the most part they were too slow of understanding and made no progress, while I strove night and day by diligent application to acquire a better degree of information.

Chapter 10.

It was not long before my classmates were dismissed. One of them, however, sat for four years in the same grade and scarcely learned to read, notwithstanding he dwelt with the teacher of his class, and had gone to considerable expense; but with no result. For my part, I had been in the eighth grade but a short time when I was permitted to pass over the seventh and to enter the sixth grade, and from this I came at Easter into the fifth. At that time I secured a place with the Brethren in the relief house, where only those from the fifth grade upward were received, and then only on condition that they intended to become monks. Moreover I was free to visit the house of a canon in the town, who was also provost at Zütphen, when I was in need; for before my entrance into the brotherhood house, while I dwelt in the city at the house of a very pious maiden lady, I had the opportunity, on several occasions, to be of service to the canon, by lending a helping hand to his sewing people,[1] and on one occasion to the chief of his household. In addition to this I had made several other acquaintances, who were favorably disposed toward me, and in time of need and suffering gave me much aid and comfort.

During this time I had to struggle against many and various difficulties in the way of ill health and sickness; so that at times, in spite of all my eagerness for knowledge, I was half persuaded to give up the attempt. It seemed to me that never before, up to this time, had I been obliged to contend with such an insalubrious climate and such a raw atmosphere as in this place, whereby I was persecuted day by day with all kinds of torments and sickness, so continuously that I began to think seriously of hanging my studies on the nail and taking up again my old trade, if only to get away from this region and from its inhabitants. Now it was burning fevers, now tumorous affections, which threatened my life. Next came the quinsy, complicated with a swelling ot the larynx; then the itch, and indeed in so horrible a form that my whole skin was stiff from it. In addition to this I often suffered from boils on various portions of my body. Then too I had a swelling of the feet, and often for considerable periods a swelling of the thigh. Finally I got help from a woman who possessed a knowledge of the art of healing. With an iron instrument she cut out the swelling from my thigh, which she called a "rose." I was almost crazed with the pain of the operation. Moreover I lived in constant fear lest some misfortune, of which they at home were also fearful, should overtake me. Almost never did I feel myself secure, and when, as it often happens, the outbreak of a war was apprehended, I feared lest I should be obliged to return home before the completion of my studies, still ignorant of the sciences, an object of ridicule to those who were of the opinion I would derive no benefit from my studies, and who, when I went seriously about it, looked upon me as insane. Moreover, it was daily rumored that the pest was at hand. At the outbreak of the pest or of war it was the custom to send scholars out of the town. Furthermore, I suffered much from an itching malady, called "figwarts," which covered the body like the bark of an oak tree. Moreover, I was constantly pestered with many other untoward conditions, with which the enemy, with divine permission, overwhelmed me, in order to bring me from my undertaking, if such were possible. Strengthened, however, with the instructions of the pious Brethren of the Common Life, who interested themselves in the affairs of scholars with so much affection and with so much success; fortified also with the consolations of pious people, I overcame, thank God, all these tribulations with patience, and put to shame the treacherous enemy with all his machinations.

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[1] After his return from Bohemia, Butzbach had been apprenticed to a tailor.

Chapter 11.

Now that all these sufferings have been lived down, I dwell upon them in my thoughts with much pleasure, because I believe that they were all sent me for the purification and advancement of my soul. Five times, however, it happened, that at the instigation of others I was on the point of giving up my studies and returning home. It even went so far at one time—it was a year after my arrival and I was then *Quintanus*—that one morning I made my preparations to depart in company with certain comrades. Suddenly, on the evening of the same day, the swelling of my feet and the abscess, of which I have spoken, attacked me. A journey under the circumstances was out of the question. I remained and was promoted to the fourth grade. Now I thank God for this dispensation. Had I departed at that time no one would have been able ever to induce me to return to so much misery.

Two reasons in particular may be adduced, which determined me to hold out and bound me fast to the sciences: my father's desire, while he was still living; and the prophecy, if I may call it so, of certain persons, that I should some time become a priest. The former was expressed at home; the latter at Johannisberg, while I was there as lay brother and cloister tailor; for on a certain occasion, while I was sitting at my work and engaged in confidential discourse with an elderly and invalid father, for whose care and service I was daily responsible; and while I was telling him how greatly to my sorrow I had been obliged, as a lad, to give up my studies—while, as I say, I was telling my story and lamenting that nothing had come out of my earlier studies and my desire to become a priest, a certain round piece of bread, which we call the host, and which I had fastened to the wall over against my work table, out of devotional feeling and from a desire to guard against the temptations to which the vigorous period of youth is especially subject, and also to have a remembrance of the sufferings of our Lord always before my eyes, this piece of of bread, I say, to our great amazement, detached itself from the wall and fell to the floor. As the old man, who with shaking head sat behind the stove, perceived this, he stood up, in spite of the senile weakness which weighed so heavily upon him, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "See, Brother Johannes! This is without doubt a sign to thee of thy future priesthood! Thou shalt no longer doubt, but of a truth believe, that, when thou givest thyself again to study, this thing which has just happened shall have the meaning I have ascribed to it."

He also foretold the day and the hour of his death, and even after he was dead the brethren called him back to life, to make his confession.

His word I never forgot. A year passed before I again gave myself to study, and with my parents' help returned to school, and with God's grace and with the help of the blessed Virgin Mary, within four years according to the prophecy I became monk and priest. Now may this benefaction of God redound to the salvation of my soul, unworthy that I am, and the souls of my people, and to the glory of God! That is my most urgent wish.

Chapter 12.

The same was once said to my mother by a priest, a very worthy man and pastor in the town of Aschaffenburg, where once upon a time he brought me a chasuble to be repaired and heard the deep sigh I uttered to God, as I tried it on and said: "Would that I too could be a priest." Furthermore my continuance at study was largely due to my late father's desire, who, living and dying, had expressed this as his especial wish. For this reason, during his life, he sent me to school, and on his deathbed he impressed this strongly upon my mother's mind. After her death, when I had given up the tailor's trade and was taking counsel with our friends, in reference to going back to school, the following occurred: One morning, as my brother Kunz and I arose and were dressing, my father's spirit, just as he was in life, appeared in front of our room, remained standing a little time in the open doorway, and looked at me in an appealing way, as though he would say to me that I should carry out my plan, which had been for so long his dearest wish, without fear or hesitation. More than anything else was this occurrence a spur to my zeal and it impelled me to persevere in my studies. If, indeed, I had been in some respects too little obedient to my father in his lifetime, now I desired to make amends, since he so earnestly desired that I should be a priest. God grant that now, when I am one, it may contribute to the repose of his soul!

After this digression I shall now take up the thread of my narrative, and I wish to occupy some little space with the praise of Deventer itself, where I endured all the privations which I have mentioned.

The people are wonderfully kind toward the poor, to an extent which I have observed nowhere else; and pious withal and much attached to religion. At the same time the town, by reason of its extensive trade with countries across the sea and with Holland and Zealand, is extraordinarily wealthy. May I be set down as a falsifier, if I have not known a citizen of the place, a great benefactor toward me and toward other poor people, who gave his daughter, upon the occasion of her marriage, a dowry of seventeen thousand guilders in hard cash. This same citizen's wife was also a very upright woman and wonderfully charitable toward the poor and toward strangers. No day passed that she did not invite some six or seven needy clergymen to her well furnished table, not to speak of the alms which she was constantly giving to other poor men at her door. The kindness which this estimable woman showed me at the time of my sickness and need was truly remarkable, whether it be in the way of food, clothing and money, or with her cheering conversation. She and her family truly deserve to be rich, for they are not, as is the case with so many rich people, proud or miserly, nor do they place their trust upon the volume of their riches, but, gentle, generous and pitiful toward the prayers of the poor, they set their hopes upon God. And this noble city has many more such God-fearing people.

In addition to this it possesses an excellent constitution and a well-regulated government. Alexander Hegius, formerly director of the high school at Deventer, has sung the praises of the city in the following brief verses, which are moreover his latest composition:

"Of the piety of Deventer
Through the towns the rumor goes.
I esteem it worth the riches
Which there everywhere abound.
There the peasant is protected,
And the robber feels the law.
There each man receives what bounty,
Horse or foot, to him is due.
Ever full may stand the treasure,
Never touched by faction's hand.
Thus we pray, both youth and elder,
Night and day for native land."

As its patron saint the city reverences the holy confessor Leivin, once a monk of our order, and a pupil of St. Willibrod. In his honor was built a beautiful church, wherein his bones, together with those of certain other saints, as for example St. Margaret, whose remains were brought from Rome, and St. Rathbod, bishop of Maestricht, and many others, have been decently laid to rest in a costly chest. The holy Leivin came from England, and was the first who won this land to the Christian faith. He dwelt on the Yssel, a tributary of the Rhine, and even at the present day his house is shown by people dwelling in that neighborhood; although, in truth, its appearance has much changed.

Besides the markets which are held at Deventer at various times of the year, the city has another advantage, whereby it has become famous, and rightfully so, far and wide, beyond all other cities of this region. This is due to its Latin school, renowned for a long time past, which, under the supervision of men of culture and ability, for a long time enjoyed great prosperity on account of its cultivation of the humanities. After the death of Alexander Hegius, of whom I have spoken above, a man of the profoundest learning, versed in three languages, and withal a philosopher and poet, who died in the year of our Lord 1498, the first year of my student life in Deventer—since that time (with sorrow I chronicle the fact), the school has declined greatly, as reports from there inform me.

That was indeed a man worthy of all praise, as in fact he has been so deservedly extolled, both living and since his death, by many distinguished men. Like a brilliant light he shone above the people through his uprightness, his comprehensive knowledge and his great gifts, superior to all his learned contemporaries. His former pupil, the illustrious Desiderius Erasmus, in his Adages pays high tribute to the great teacher. The accomplished Rudolph Agricola, in his time rector of the University of Heidelberg, and Johann von Dalberg, the cultured bishop of Worms, celebrate his brilliant gifts.[1]

Chapter 13.

The school at Deventer has been of great value to the reformed orders, insomuch as it has supplied them with many educated and scholarly men. So long as the school preserved its merited reputation, by means of good, thorough instruction and fundamental erudition, its graduates were everywhere eagerly sought. At that time you might see the better-prepared scholars and those best grounded in the humanities streaming into the orders at Deventer and at Zwoll; and they were superior material to that which I now find in the first and second classes; although at present they read, it is true, a better selection of authors in the schools than formerly. For I have heard it remarked, that outside of the Parables of Alanus, the Morals and the Ethics of Cato, the Fables of Æsop and a few writers of this type, for whom they have very little respect at present, it was seldom that anything else was read. On the other hand, a strong effort was made to broaden the student's mind by means of an inflexible industry, which yielded not to the greatest difficulties. Now, however, when all secondary schools, even the least important, are filled with the various admirable works of old and new classical writers, both prose and poetry, the ardor is nevertheless weakened, and students for the most part apply themselves to their work like the donkey to his lyre, as the Greeks say, ὄνος προς χελύνῃ. All-devouring time permits nothing to endure. Hence the phenomenon that the orders began to decline as the school approached its downward path. Still, since the reformation of the orders, which is not yet a hundred years old in any cloister, they say that many men of intellect have been sent forth from this school, who have been received and provided for in the various cloisters of this section of Germany.

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[1] Here follow selections from the poems of eminent humanists, written in honor of Hegius.

But it is time to return to my previous narrative. I must close with what I have already said of Deventer; moreover, these things are well known to those who have devoted themselves to the various branches of learning, and have laid the foundations of a wider culture. Many such—with joy I chronicle the fact—share with me here the holy service and bear the yoke of the Lord. Some have returned to the world's turmoil. But this digression, into which my love and my enthusiasm for the times gone by have led me, has been more extensive than I intended. Let us finally resume the course of our narrative.

Chapter 14.

I remained a half year in the fifth class, under the guidance of an excellent man, Master Gottfried, a Baccalaureus of both laws and Master of Arts. After an examination I rose to the fourth class, where I passed a year under the industrious and well-instructed Master Johann von Venray, and with his permission, although I hardly deserved it, I came into the third class. This class was at that time under the charge of Master Bartholomew of Cologne, an unusually industrious and learned man. His writings, as well in prose as in verse, are admired by the greatest scholars and most highly praised; for he is a man of fine, broad mind, and of wonderful eloquence, and withal distinguished in many branches of knowledge. It seemed very strange to everybody that a man of his ability, versed in all departments of science, should keep to his studies, like a perfect ignoramus, with tireless industry deep into the night. He was fond of industrious pupils and very cheerfully did for them what they desired; wherefore the energetic and zealous pupils, so far as I know, regarded him with so much love that, after they had devoted themselves to philosophic studies for several years in succession under so good a master and reader, and finally came to go away, they could hardly tear themselves from him. Although he indeed deserved it, yet he had never been honored by any university with the master's degree. For this reason he is at the present day a thorn in the side of many blockheads, who are proud of their empty titles, and his works have been criticised and unfavorably regarded as mere school exercises. In the meantime, as a true and genuine philosopher, he concerns himself not at all with such people, whose science consists merely in an empty title and certain externals, like a camel decked in purple. It is indeed better to possess the reality of knowledge than an empty name. What is a name without the thing itself? Of what avail are titles without ability? What avails an honor without the capacity? A characterization without the fact? Nowadays when any one, even without industry, has gone through his period of study, whether he knows anything of the essentials or not, it is an easy thing for him, by means of a present, to acquire the bachelor's degree, or the dignity of master or doctor. Our teacher Bartholomew for his part held to the ideas of the ancients; he despised every modern usage, and valued an earnest career of study more than empty splendor. A cultured spirit was to him more than a brow bedecked. What value has the red beretta, when within the spirit is shrouded in the darkness of ignorance? In any case knowledge without the title is more to be valued than the mere title, in which so many rejoice, without the knowledge. But of this I have more to say elsewhere.

When, as I have already remarked, I came to this highly cultivated philosopher in the third class, I made up my mind to remain until Easter, when I would go home and thence, with my parents' permission, back to Johannesberg in the Rheingau, whence I had gone forth, at my mother's urgent request, and upon the encouragement of the brethren, to my studies. I wished to see whether I might assume the higher garb of our order, instead of that humbler garment, which I had put aside, and be received into the circle of the fathers. Scarcely had I been six weeks in the class, however, when it happened that the worthy father steward of the island of Niederwerth near Coblenz came to Deventer. Besides the other business with which he was commissioned, he had been requested by our distinguished lord, the Abbot of Laach, to bring with him several scholars, who were willing to serve the Lord in that cloister, of which he had been already ten years the head, under his secure guidance, in the monkish garb, according to the rule. When he had presented his letters, addressed to the rector, he also expressed his solicitude concerning this matter in the house of the Brethren. Moreover in other towns of this region, where his business took him, he made careful inquiries in schools, bursaries and brotherhood houses, as well as with private citizens; seeking young clerks, so-called, endowed with a sufficient knowledge of the sciences, and disposed to leave their further study for the sake of God's service, in order to devote themselves to the life of the cloister and to the investigation of holy writ. Something like three weeks elapsed, and as yet he had found no one who wished to accept his offer. Returning to Deventer, he considered it advisable to seek the cooperation of the rector, Master Ostendorp, who, as an eloquent and learned man, had succeeded the aforesaid Alexander in the government of the school. Master Ostendorp came at once to the third and fourth classes, and sought with eloquent words, such as stood to his command, to awaken enthusiasm among the scholars for the monastic life. First he spoke in praise of the Benedictines, then he spoke in terms of highest approbation of the abbey of Laach, as well as of the merit of its abbot. But all effort seemed in vain, so far as the scholars were concerned, for the lectures had already begun, and the auditors were inscribed with their new instructors. In many cases the lessons of the new classes had been begun, and the *honoraria* already discharged to the new instructors for the semester, and it was thought shameful and unbecoming to demand these back from the rector and from the professors. Moreover, each one had already made his provision for food and lodging, and did not care to let these things go. Furthermore, it was an unsuitable time for traveling; a very great cold prevailed, which frightened every one from the project.

(*Butzbach however, after much deliberation, accepted the offer and made the tedious winter journey up the Rhine to Laach, of which abbey he eventually became the head.*)

THOMAS PLATTER.[1]

Thomas Platter, 1499–1582, affords another example of the strong general impulse toward intellectual advancement which characterized the eve of the Protestant Reformation in Germany. Born in Switzerland, in the canton of Wallis, Platter obtained the rudiments of his education at Schlettstadt, in the upper Rhine country. Successively rope-maker, proof-reader, publisher and finally chosen rector of the city school of Zürich, Platter, like Butzbach, ever displayed an ardor in the pursuit of learning, which no obstacles nor temporary interruptions of his course of study were able to extinguish. Led away in childhood upon a course of mendicancy and thievery, he came unscathed through these adverse experiences, retaining only an inflexible desire for that culture of which his wanderings had afforded so meagre a foretaste. A follower of the Zürich reformer, Platter took an active part in the struggles of the Zwinglian party, became one of the leaders in Swiss Protestant life, and died full of years and honors.

THE BACCHANTENSCHÜTZ.

When they would no longer let me herd the goats I went to a farmer who had married one of my cousins, a miserly and ill-tempered man. I had to herd his cows, for in most places in Wallis there were no common cow-herds; and whoever had no mountain pasture, whither he might conduct his cattle in summer, kept a herder for them, who pastured them on his employer's property. After I had been there for a while my cousin Fransy came, and wished to take me to my cousin, Master Antoni Platter, in order that I might learn my letters, as they say, when they put anyone in school. This cousin Antoni was no longer stationed at Grenchen, but at the church of St. Nicholas, in the village they call Gassen. When the farmer, who was called Antscho (that is Antoni) an der Habzucht, heard my cousin's intention, he was much dissatisfied. He said I would learn nothing; and putting the index finger of his right hand into the palm of his left, he added: "He will no more learn than I can poke my finger through my palm." I saw and heard this. Then my cousin replied: "But who can say? God has not denied him gifts. He might become an excellent priest." So she took me to the master. I was, I think, about nine or nine and a half years old. At first it was very unpleasant for me, because the master was a high-tempered man, and I an awkward peasant lad. He beat me savagely, seized me often by the ears and drew me from the hearth, so that I shrieked like a goat with the knife at his throat, and the neighbors often cried out against him, that he would murder me.

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[1] Thomas und Felix Platter, bearbeitet von H. Boos. Leipzig, 1878.

I did not stay long with him. About this time there came along another cousin, who had been away to school in Ulm and Munich in Bavaria. He was a Summermatter, son of my old grandfather's son. This student was named Paulus Summermatter. When my relatives spoke to him of me, he promised to take me with him and put me to school in Germany. As I learned of this I fell upon my knees and prayed to God the almighty, that he would deliver me from the parson, who had taught me just nothing at all, but had beat me sore; for all I had learned was to sing the *Salve* for eggs, along with other pupils, who were also at the parson's, in the village. One time we thought we would perform a mass; so the other youngsters sent me into the church for a candle, which I stuck all lighted into my sleeve, and burned me, so that I bear the mark of it to this day.

When the time came for Paulus to set out again upon his wanderings, I was to join him at Stalden. Near Stalden is a house called "The Mühlbach." There dwelt a man, called Simon zu der Summermatter, my mother's brother, who was supposed to be my guardian. He gave me a golden florin, which I carried in my hand all the way to Stalden, and often on the way I looked to see if I still had it; and there I gave it over to Paulus, and thus we went forth from home.

I had to beg now for myself and also to provide for my *bacchant*, Paulus; and an account of my simpleness and rustic speech people gave me freely. When at evening we crossed the Grimsel mountain and came to an inn, I saw there for the first time an earthenware stove. The moon was shining on the tiles of the stove and I thought it was a great calf, for I saw only the two tiles, and these

I took for its eyes. Next morning I saw some geese, which I had never seen before, and when they hissed at me I thought it was the devil, and that he would eat me up; and I fled screaming. At Lucerne I saw tiled roofs for the first time, and I marvelled at the red roofs. We came thence to Zürich, where Paulus waited for certain companions, who were to journey with us toward Meissen. In the meantime I went begging and completely provided Paulus' support, for whenever I entered an inn the people were pleased to hear me speak the dialect of Wallis and willingly gave to me. At that time there was a certain man in Zürich, who came from Wallis stock, an eccentric man, Karle by name, who was generally thought to be an exorcist; for he knew at all times what was going on here and there. He was well known to the Cardinal. This Karle came to me (for we had taken lodgings at a certain house), and said that if I would let him give me a certain number of stripes on my bare back, he would give me a Zürich piece of six. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and he seized me fast, laid me across a chair and lashed me well. When I was done smarting he begged of me I should lend him the money back again; he wished to sup with a lady, aud was in need of a piece of six to pay the bill. I gave him the money, and never saw it again.

After we had waited from eight to nine weeks for our companions, we set out for Meissen. For me it was a long journey, for I was not accustomed to go so far, and moreover I had to look out for our subsistence on the way. We set out then, eight or nine of us together, three little *schützen*, the rest big *bacchanten*, as they were called, among whom I was the smallest and the youngest *schütze* of all. When I did not travel briskly enough, my cousin Paulus, who walked behind, pricked up my paces with a switch or a stick, laid upon my bare legs; for I had no hose and my shoes were worn out.

I can recollect no longer all that happened to us on the way; but some things I remember. While all sorts of things were being discussed as we marched along, the *bacchanten* remarked to each other that it was the custom in Meissen and Silesia to permit scholars to steal geese and ducks and other things to eat, and that nothing would be done to them, unless they allowed themselves to be taken by the one to whom the property belonged. One day, not far from a village we saw a great flock of geese, unaccompanied by the goose-herd (for each village has its especial goose-herd), who was quite a distance away in company with the cow-herd. Thereupon I asked of my companions, the *schützen:* "When shall we be in Meissen, where I may kill geese?" They said, "We are there now." Then I took a stone, threw at a goose and hit it on the leg. The other geese flew away; the lame one, however, could not follow. Then I took another stone and hit it on the head, so that it fell; for I had learned the art of throwing stones while I was herding goats, so that no herder of my age could surpass me; and I could blow the herder's horn and leap with poles, for I had exercised these arts among my fellow herders. Then I ran up to the goose, siezed it by the neck, stuck it under my coat and went on through the village. But the goose-herd came running after me and cried: "The boy has stolen one of my geese!" I and my fellow *schützen* with me took to our heels, and the goose's feet were sticking out from under my jacket. The peasants came on with spears, which they knew how to throw, and followed close upon us. When I saw that I could not escape with the goose, I let it drop. Beyond the village I sprang aside from the road into the bushes, but two of my companions, who kept to the road, were overhauled by the peasants. They fell upon their knees and begged for mercy, saying they had done them no harm; and when the peasants saw that none of them had let the goose drop, they went back into the village, taking the goose with them. When I saw, however, how they pursued my companions, I was in deep distress. I said to myself: "Good heavens, I surely think I have not said my prayers to-day!" For I had been taught to say my prayers every morning. When the peasants returned to the village they found our *bacchanten* at the inn; for they had gone on ahead, and we were following. The peasants were of the opinion that they should pay for the goose; it was a matter of two pence. I do not know whether they paid or not, but when they came back to us, they laughed and asked us how we had fared. I tried to excuse myself on the ground that it was the custom of the country; but they said, the time for that had not yet come.

On another occasion a murderer came upon us in a wood, eleven miles this side of Nuremberg, when we happened to be all together. He sought to trifle with our *bacchanten*, in order to detain us until his companions came together. We had with us at that time an honest fellow, by name Antoni Schallbetter, from Visperzehenden in Wallis, who feared no four or five, as he had often shown in Nuremberg and Munich, and in many other places. He threatened the murderer, ordering him to get out of the way ; and he did so. It was so late, however, that we could only reach the nearest village. There were two inns, but few houses beside. When we entered one of the inns, the murderer was there before us, and still others, without doubt his companions. We would not stay there, and went to the other inn, but they came thither also. At supper time the people of the house were so busy that they would give us little fellows nothing to eat, for we never sat at table with our *bacchanten*. Nor would they give us any bed, but we must lie in the stables. When, however, they were conducting the big fellows to bed, Antoni said to the host : "Host, it seems to me you have rather unusual guests, and that you yourself are not much better. I tell you, landlord, you had better put us where we shall be safe, or we will kick up such a row for you, that your house will not be big enough to hold it." For the rascals made every effort to engage our fellows in a game of chess, a thing which I had never heard of before. Then they were shown to bed, and I, with the other little fellows, were sent to lie supperless in the stables. There came in the night certain ones, the host himself with them very likely, to the chamber door, and sought to open it. Now Antoni had set a screw against the lock upon the inner side and rolled the bed against the door and made a light ; for he always carried candles and flint and steel with him ; and quickly he wakened his companions. When the rascals heard this, they went away. Next morning we found neither host nor servant. This is the story they told to us boys. We were all rejoiced that nothing had happened to us in the stable. After we had gone a good mile, we met with people, who, when they heard where we had passed the night, expressed their surprise that we had not all been murdered, for the entire village has the reputation of being a murderers' den.

About a quarter of a mile this side of Naumburg our big fellows remained behind in a village; for when they wished to feast, they sent us on ahead. There were five of us. Then rode eight men out of the open country upon us with cross bows spanned, and demanded money, and turned their bolts upon us ; for as yet no one bore firearms on horseback. Then one of them said : "Give us money !" One of us, who was pretty well grown, replied: "We have no money; we are poor scholars." A second time he cried: "Give us money!" But our companion said: "We have no money, and will give you no money, nor do we owe you any." Then the horseman drew his sword, and aimed a blow at his head, so that he severed the cord that held his pack. Our comrade was called Johannes von Schalen, and was from the village of Visp. Then they rode away into a wood, but we set off for Naumburg. Soon our *bacchanten* came along; they had not seen the rascals. We have often at other times been in danger from horsemen and murderers, both in the forest of Thuringia, in Franconia and in Poland.

At Naumburg we remained several weeks. We *schützen* went into the city. Some, who could sing, went singing, but I went begging. We attended no school, and the others would not suffer this, but threatened to force us to go to school. The school-master also ordered our *bacchanten* to go to school, or they would be arrested. Antoni sent him word to come ahead; and since there were several Swiss there, they let us know what day they were coming, so that we should not be taken unawares.

Then we little *schützen* carried stones up to the roof, while Antoni and the others held the doors. When the school-master came with his whole following of *schützen* and *bacchanten*, we youngsters threw stones upon them, so that they gave way. Thereupon we learned that we had been complained of before the city authorities. We had a neighbor, who was about to give his daughter a husband. He had a pen full of fat geese, of which we took three by night and retired to another quarter of the town. It was a suburb, but without walls, as indeed was the place where we had formerly been. There the Swiss joined us, and they feasted together. Then our fellows went to Halle in Saxony, and we entered the school at St. Ulrich's.

There, however, our *bacchanten* used us so shamefully that several of us conspired with my cousin Paulus, with the intention of running away from the *bacchanten*. In this manner we came to Dresden; but there were no good schools there, and our sleeping-rooms were so full of vermin, that at night we could hear them crawling under us in the straw.

Again we got under way and came to Breslau. On the way we suffered much from hunger, so that often we had nothing to eat but raw onions with salt, often for several days only roasted acorns, wild apples and pears. Many a night we lay under the open sky, when no one would suffer us to enter his house, however politely we begged for lodging; sometimes they set the dogs upon us. In Breslau, however, everything was abundant; so cheap, indeed, that the poor scholars overate and often fell into serious illness. At first we went to the school in the cathedral of the Holy Cross. When, however, we learned that there were some Swiss in the upper parish of St. Elizabeth, we went thither. There were two from Bremgarten, two from Mellingen and others, and many Swabians as well; there was no distinction made between Swabians and Swiss. We addressed each other as compatriots and protected each other.

The city of Breslau has seven parishes, and each parish has a separate school. No scholar is permitted to sing in another parish than his own, or they cry, *Ad idem! ad idem!* and the *schützen* rush together and fight fiercely. There are said to have been several thousand *bacchanten* and *schützen* in the city at one time, all of whom were supported with alms; some had been there from twenty to thirty years and even longer, and they had their *schützen*, who begged for them. I have often of an evening carried five or six loads to my *bacchanten* at the school where they dwelt. People gave very willingly to me, because I was small and a Swiss; for they were very fond of the Swiss. There was great sympathy for the Swiss, because at this time they had fared ill in the battle of Milan,[1] wherefore it was the custom to say, "The Swiss have lost their good luck;" for previously it was the belief that they were well nigh insuperable.

One day at the market-place I met two gentlemen or squires, and later on I learned that one of these was named Benzenauer and the other Fugger. As they were walking by, I begged for alms, as was the custom with the poor scholars. The Fugger said to me, "Whence come you," and when he heard that I was Swiss, he spoke aside with Benzenauer and then said to me: "If you are really Swiss, I will adopt you and sign the papers before the authorities here in Breslau; but you must bind yourself to remain with me all your life long, and to attend me wherever I may be." I replied: "I have been entrusted to the care of a certain person from home, and I will speak to him about it." When, however,

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[1] Marignano, September, 1515.

I mentioned the matter to my cousin Paulus, he said; "I have brought you from home and it is my intention to turn you over again to your own people; what they tell you to do, that you can do." So I declined the Fugger's offer, but as often as I went to his house his people did not permit me to come away empty-handed.

There I remained a long time: One winter I was sick three times, so that I had to be taken to the hospital. The scholars have their special hospital and their own physician. The city gives sixteen heller a week for each scholar, and this answers very nicely. They have good care and good beds too, but there are so many insects that I preferred to lie in the common room, or, as many did, on the stove. The scholars and *bacchanten*, indeed the ordinary men, in many cases are so full of vermin that it is beyond belief. Many a time, especially in summer, I went out to the Oder, which flows by the city, washed my shirt and hung it up on a bush to dry; meanwhile I picked the vermin from my coat, dug a hole in the ground, threw a handful of lice into it, covered them up with earth and set a cross upon the place. In the winter the *schützen* lay upon the stove in the school; the *bacchanten*, however, slept in their cells, of which there were several hundred at St. Elizabeth; in summer, however, when the weather was warm, we slept in the churchyard, collecting the grass, which in summer they spread in front of the houses in the fine streets on Sunday. This we carried to the churchyard, heaped it together in a corner, and there we lay like pigs in straw; but when it rained, we ran into the school, and during thunder showers we sang responses and other offices with the chanter almost the whole night through. Once in a while after supper in summer we went begging in the beer-houses. The drunken Polacks gave us so much beer that I often unwittingly became drunk, so that I could not get back to the school, although I was only a stone's throw away. On the whole there was enough to eat in Breslau, but not much studying.

In the school at St. Elizabeth nine bachelors lectured at the same time in one room; of Greek there was no trace anywhere in that part of the country; moreover, no one had any printed books, except the teacher, who had a printed Terence. Whatever was presented had to be dictated in the first place, then analyzed, then construed, and at length expounded; so that the *bacchanten* had loads of trash to carry when they went home.

Thence eight of us went on to Dresden. We suffered greatly from hunger on the way. One day we determined to divide our forces; certain ones should go after geese, others after turnips and onions, one should bring a pot, and we little ones were to go to the town of Neumarkt, which lay not far away upon our road, and procure bread and salt. At evening we were to come together outside the town, and cook whatever we had collected. About a rifle-shot distance from the town was a spring, where we intended to spend the night. When the people in the town saw the fire, however, they came out, but did not find us there; we took to our heels behind a ridge of ground toward a pond in the woods. The big fellows piled up bushes and made a hut; some of us plucked the geese, of which we had two, while others prepared the turnips for the pot, and put therein the heads and feet and entrails of the geese; still others made two wooden spits and began to roast the geese, and as soon as they were a little reddened with the heat we took them from the spit and ate them; and the turnips as well. In the night we heard a noise; near-by was a fish-pond; during the day the water had been drained off, and the fish were leaping in the mud. We gathered up the fish, as many as we could carry in a shirt fastened to a staff, and went hence to a village. There we gave one fish to a peasant, on condition that he should cook the others in beer for us.

When finally we came to Dresden, the schoolmaster and our *bacchanten* sent some of us boys forth to look about for geese. We agreed that I should throw at the geese, while the others were to get them and carry them away. After we had found a flock of geese, and they had caught sight of us, they flew away; then I threw a little club which I had with me up under them as they flew, and struck one of them, so that it fell to the ground. But my companions saw the gooseherd and dared not run for it, although they had considerably the start of the herder. Then the other geese flew down and surrounded the wounded goose and gabbled as though they were speaking to it; and it stood up again and went away with the others. I was vexed with my comrades, that they had not carried out their promises; but we did better after that, for we brought home two geese. These the *bacchanten* ate with the schoolmaster at a farewell feast. Thence we set out for Nuremberg and further on to Munich.

On the way, not far from Dresden, it happened that I went begging into a village and came up to a peasant's house. The peasant asked me who I was; and when he heard that I was a Swiss, he asked if I had not comrades who were also Swiss. I said: "My comrades are waiting for me outside the village." Then he answered: "Tell them to come!" He prepared a good meal for us and gave us plenty of beer. When we were quite comfortable and the peasant with us, he said to his mother, who lay on the bed in the common room: "Mother, I have heard you say, you wanted very much to see a Swiss before you died; now here you see several of them; for I have invited them on your account." Then the mother raised herself, thanked her son for the guests and said: "I have heard so many good things said about the Swiss, that I was very anxious to see one. It seems to me I shall now die that much easier; therefore make merry!" and she lay down again. We thanked the peasant and departed.

As we came near Munich it was too late to see the city, so we had to spend the night in the lazaretto. When on the following morning we came to the city gate, they would not admit us; we had, however, an acquaintance in the city, whom we gave as reference. My cousin Paulus, who had been in Munich before, was permitted to look this man up, with whom he had lodged on the occasion of his former visit. He came and went security for us, and then they let us in. Paulus and I went to the house of a soap-boiler, named Hans Schräll, who had taken his master's degree at Vienna, but was an enemy to priestcraft. He had married a beautiful girl, with whom he came, many years later, to Basel, where he worked at his trade; and many people here know him. I helped this master boil soap more than I went to school; went with him to the villages, buying ashes. Paulus, however, went to school in the parish of Our Lady and so did I, but rarely, merely because I had to sing for bread through the streets and support my *bacchant*, Paulus. The woman of the house was very fond of me; she had an old blind black dog, and it was my task to feed him, make his bed and lead him into the court. She always said: "Tommy, take the best care of my doggy; you won't be any the worse for it." When we had been there a time, Paulus began to get too friendly with the maid. This the master would not permit. Then Paulus determined that we should go home, for we had not been at home in five years. So homeward we turned toward Wallis. My friends there could scarcely understand me; they said: "Our Tommy speaks so strangely that scarcely anybody can understand him;" for I was young then, and had learned a little of the speech of every place where I had stopped a while. In the meanwhile my mother had taken another husband, for Heinzmann am Grund was dead; at the end of her period of mourning she had married Thomas an Gärstern. On this account I could not be with her much, but spent most of my time with my cousins, especially with my cousin Simon Summermatter and my cousin Fransy.

A little later we set out again and came to Ulm. Paulus took still another boy with him, named Hildebrand Kalbermatter, a parson's son; he too was very young. They gave him some cloth, such as was made in the country, enough for a coat. When we came to Ulm, Paulus had me go about with the cloth and solicit the money for making it up. In this way I got a good deal of money, for I was an expert at flattery and begging, and for this reason the *bacchanten* had used me for this purpose from the beginning, and would not let me go to school, nor even learn to read. There at Ulm I seldom went to school, and at first, when I ought to have been going, I went about with the cloth, and suffered greatly from hunger; for everything that I obtained I brought home to the *bacchanten*. I dared not eat a morsel, for I feared a beating. Paulus had associated with him another *bacchant*, Achatius by name, a Mainzer by birth. My comrade and I had to support them with begging, but Hildebrand ate almost everything. Therefore they used to follow him through the streets, in order to catch him eating, or they made him rinse his mouth with water and spit it out into a dish, so that they could see if he had eaten anything. Then they threw him upon a bed, placed a pillow upon his head, so that he could not cry out, and they beat him, these two *bacchanten*, until they could beat him no longer. Wherefore I was afraid and brought everything home. Often they had so much bread that it moulded; then they cut off the mouldy part and gave it to us to eat. I have often suffered severely from hunger, and from cold as well, for I had to go about in the darkness until midnight and sing for bread.

I must not forget to relate that there was a kind widow living at Ulm, who had two unmarried daughters and one son, Paulus Reling, who was also unmarried. Often in winter the widow wrapped my feet in a warm piece of fur, which she put behind the stove, so that she could warm my feet when I came. She gave me then a dish of porridge and sent me home. I have been so hungry that I have driven the dogs from bones and gnawed at them, and I have sought and eaten out of the garbage.

Thence we went again to Munich. There I was obliged again to beg for money to make up the cloth, which, however, was not mine. A year later we returned to Ulm, with the intention of turning again toward home. I brought the cloth back with me, and begged again for the price of making. I distinctly remember that certain persons said to me: "Good heavens, is that coat not made yet? I guess you are playing us a trick." So we went away. I know not what became of the cloth, or whether the coat has been made or not. We came home, however, and went again to Munich.

On the Sunday of our arrival the *bacchanten* found lodgings, but we three little *schützen* were not so fortunate. Toward night we sought to go into the enclosure, that is to say the corn-market, in order to lie upon the sacks. Several women were sitting there near the salt-house, and asked where we were going. When they learned that we had no lodgings and that we were Swiss, one of them, a butcher woman, said to her maid: "Set the pot with what soup and meat is left over the fire. They must stop with me to-night, for I am fond of the Swiss. I once served at a tavern in Innsbruck, when the Emperor Maximilian was holding his court there. The Swiss had much to do with him at that time. They were so kind to me that I shall be fond of them so long as I live." She gave us enough to eat and to drink, and lodged us well. Next morning she said to us: "If one of you wishes to stay with me, I will give him his lodgings and his meat and drink." We were all willing, and asked which one she wanted; and as she looked us over, I seemed to her a little livelier than the others. So she took me, and I had nothing to do but hand her her beer, bring hides and meat from the shambles, and now and then accompany her to the field; but besides this I had to support my *bacchant*. That displeased the woman and she said to me: "Good heavens, let that *bacchant* go, and stick to me! You do not need to beg." For a week I went neither to my *bacchant* nor to school. Then came my *bacchant* and knocked at the door of the butcher-woman's house. She said to me: "Your *bacchant* is there. Say that you are sick ;" and she let him in. She said to him : "You are a pretty gentleman, in truth ; and you want to see, do you, what Thomas is doing ? Well, he has been sick, and is so still." Then he said: "I am sorry, youngster. When you can go out again, come to me." Some time after I went one Sunday to vespers, and after vespers he said so me: "Here, you *schütze*, you don't mean to come to me ! I will give you a good drubbing." I made up my mind, however, that he should not beat me any more, and I concluded to run away. On Monday I said to the butcher-woman: "I think I will go to school and then go and wash my shirt." I dared not say what I had in mind, for I feared that she might talk me out of it. I set out for Munich with heavy heart, partly because I was running away from my cousin, with whom I had travelled so far, but who was so harsh and merciless with me. Then too, I was sorry to leave the butcher-woman, who had been so kind toward me. I crossed the river Isar ; for I feared if I went toward Switzerland, that Paulus would follow me. He had often threatened me and others, that if any one should run away from him, he would pursue him, and when he caught him he would break every bone in his body.

Across the Isar is a hill. There I sat down, gazed at the city and wept softly to myself, that I had no longer any one to take me up. My intention was to go toward Salzburg or toward Vienna in Austria. While I sat there a peasant came along with a wagon, carrying salt to Munich. He was already drunk, although the sun had only just risen. I begged of him to let me ride, and he let me go with him, until he unhitched to feed. While this was going on I begged in the village ; and not far beyond the village I waited for him and, while waiting, fell asleep. When I awoke, I wept bitterly, for I thought the peasant had gone along, and I grieved as though I had lost a father ; but soon he came along, now thoroughly befuddled. He told me to mount again and asked me where I wanted to go. I said, "To Salzburg ;" and when evening came he left the highway and said : "Jump down : there is the road to Salzburg." We had travelled eight miles during the day.

I came to a village, and when I arose the next morning such a frost had fallen that it was like snow, and I had no shoes, only tattered stockings; no cap, only a jacket without folds. In this guise I went on to Passau, and from there it was my intention to go to Vienna by the Danube. When I came to Passau they would not let me in. Then I determined to go to Switzerland, and asked the watchman at the city gate, which was the nearest way. He said, "By way of Munich;" but when I replied; "I do not wish to go by the way of Munich. I had rather make a circuit of ten miles or even further," he pointed out the way by Freisingen. There is a high school, and there I found Swiss, who asked me whence I came. But only two or three days passed before Paulus came with a halberd. The *schütze* said to me: "Your *bacchant* from Munich is here looking for you." Upon this I ran forth from the city gate, as though he were upon my heels, and made for Ulm.

I went to my saddler's wife, who formerly had warmed my feet in the rug. She took me into her house, and let me tend the turnips in the field. This I did, and went no more to school. Some weeks later a certain one, who had been Paulus' comrade, came to me and said: "Your cousin Paulus is here and looking for you." He had followed me for eighteen miles, because he had indeed lost a good thing in me. I had supported him for years. When I heard this, although it was night, I ran out through the city gate toward Constance, but grieved to myself, for it hurt me sore that I must leave my dear mistress. When I was nearly at Mörsburg I ran across a stone-mason from Thurgau. We met a young peasant, and the stone-mason said to me: "We must get some money out of this peasant." To him he said: "Here, peasant, hand out your money, or the devil fly away with you!" The peasant was frightened, and I was sore afraid, and wished I was somewhere else. The peasant began to pull out his purse, but the stone-mason said: "That's all! I was just joking with you."

Thus I came across the lake to Constance. As I was crossing the bridge I saw some Swiss peasants in their white jackets, and, O Lord, how glad was I! I thought I was in the kingdom of Heaven. I came to Zürich, and found there some big *bacchanten* from Wallis. I offered to beg for them on condition that they should teach me; and they did so, as the others had done. At that time the Cardinal von Sitten was in Zürich, seeking to enroll citizens of Zürich to accompany him to the Pope's dominions; but it had rather to do with Milan, as the sequel proved some months later. Paulus sent his *schütze*, Hildebrand, from Munich, to tell me I should come back to him; that he would forgive me. I did not care to do so, and remained in Zürich, but not at study.

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